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# Fifty Thousand Miles With Uncle Sam's Army

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By  
UNCLE DUDLEY *pseud.*

*Norwood, John Wall*  
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Price 65 Cents

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## Preface

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**W**ARDON me, my dear Alfonse, for this imposition. Really, it was an accident. We "doped it out" for that matchless purveyor of news and intelligence, THE WESTERN CAROLINA ENTERPRISE, with no thought of making a booklet; but so many letters and requests came to hand that the Enterprise Company decided to make the venture. Accordingly, the book was commenced in the middle and printed "both ways for Sunday," thereby saving many shekles on the typesetting bill.

But this *modus operandi* had its disadvantages. The "copy" could not be revised with sufficient particularity. Overlook, therefore, the many errors and shortcomings. We hope to eliminate these from the second edition which will be forthcoming in the near future, and of which you will receive due and timely notice.

The story was started purely for home consumption and contained many localisms. Not all of these could be cut out. However, you might as well learn to talk Western North Carolina, as it will one day be the universal lingo. We're comers.

Senor Combes has written all about that mountain explosion in Central Mindanao, but we did not learn of this until after the chapter referring thereto had been printed—another improvement for edition number two.

Seriously, the pages following are confined to the actual experiences of the writer as an officer in Uncle Sam's Army, and it is my hope that the book will be the means of enabling many of the sovereign people better to understand the life of those who serve them.

THE AUTHOR.

Waynesville, N. C.,  
May 22, 1912.



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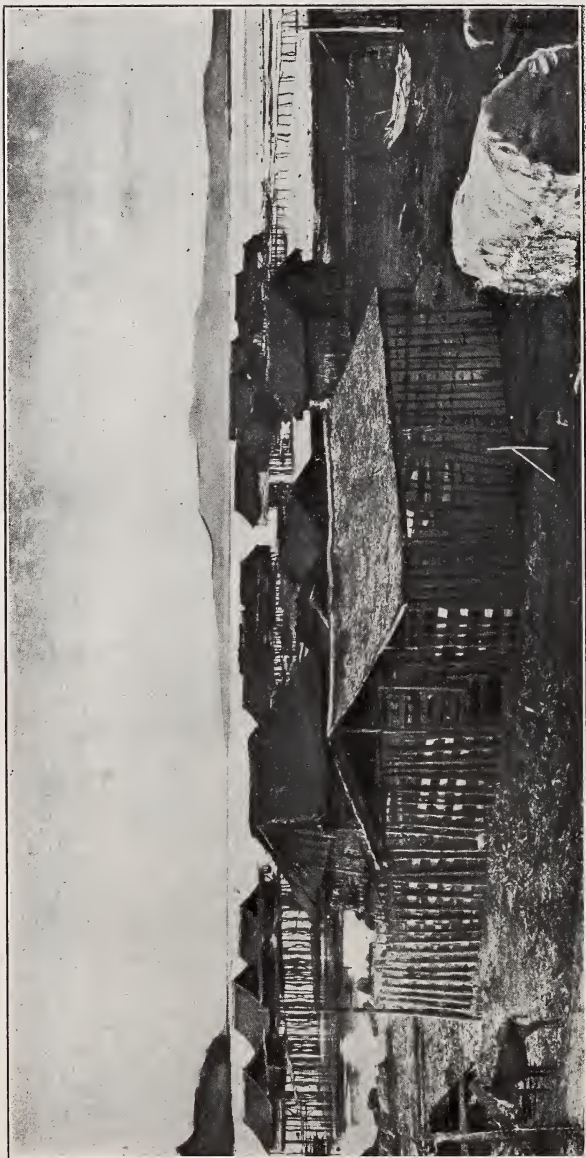
The Department of Mindanao and Jolo





Lopak

Tapul



See page 51.

View from our Quarters at Siassi,



# I

## Off To The Army

**B**EYOND a doubt, you have either gone around this little, old planet with a tourist outfit, or have, from a sense of duty, plodded laboriously through the carefully writ pages of the scholarly one who has. Be that as it may, another trip will not hurt you, and ours will be different. Take off your high collar and prim trappings, forget your stiff manners, cut out conventionalities, and join our bunch who will work a little, play a little, depart from the beaten paths and hand it out a la Billie Baxter, John Henry, or any other old guy whose idioms, new or old, seem best adapted to the mood of the moment.

Poor is the fool who can not run up against something worth while in two trips around the world during a period of seven years service in Uncle Sam's army and, if that something is worth while, the manner of the telling will change it not.

Your kind and considerate Uncle Dudley (that's me) found globe trotting, mud wallowing, and a wee bit of fighting decidedly worth while, and his advice to all young men is to go and do likewise or read the highly illuminating, albeit careless, pow wows which are as follows, to wit:

Did you ever join the army? No? Well, you missed much, and some of it was well worth missing—so I thought at the time.

In a great many things a good excuse is all right, especially if it is a good one. Not so with the army. They want "the goods." It's this way: Anybody can make good when everything is in nice working order, but the man in the army must do things in spite of old Satan, high water, or brimstone. So when I wanted a commission from Uncle Sam he laid down certain requirements and I had to deliver the goods. To do it I had to review ninety pages of Geometry in one day, practically learn Trigonometry over in two weeks, and stand an examination on general History, English, Surveying and similar studies, which would make an ordinary school teacher throw fits. It had "yours truly" so he could hardly sleep for a week after the test, but it all came out in the wash.

We stood our examinations at Washington Barracks in September, 1909. ? 1899  
Eleven went up—three got through, myself being the lowest of three and making it "by the skin of my teeth." But when the telegram came to Waynesville, whence I had returned, I was much larger as a Second Lieutenant than I have ever felt since and quite as large (in my own estimation) as any Major General now serving in the U. S. Army.

The order directed me to report to Columbus Barracks, Columbus, Ohio. The enterprising tailors of Washington had already measured us for uniforms; and the moment the War Department sent official notice of my acceptance the uniforms were made up and shipped.

Of course I must reach Columbus Barracks without a moment's delay. The whole army might stop, you know; and General Corbin would be worrying over the matter. So I hiked out on the first train when I might have had another week at home. I wanted to get that uniform on and see those splendid brass letters "U. S.," which mean "He's a Reg'lar," on the collar. Hence my hurry.

I knew I was now to be a teacher in an art of which I knew little. I was to lead the men who charged up San Juan Hill and give instructions to old sergeants who had followed the flag for twenty years and who could have told me a whole bookful regarding the manifold duties in which I was supposed to be highly proficient.

So it was that we were sent to Columbus Barracks where recruits were constantly received and where we could learn our duties thoroughly before joining our regiments. A few awkward passes at a recruiting rendezvous is not as serious as to have the soldiers in one's own regiment laughing at an officer's blunders—a thing not to be tolerated in the Regular Army. But it was down to business for your Uncle Dudley, for I was determined to learn my duties so well that there would be no difference between me and a West Pointer. You may think I "had my nerve" to make such a resolve, but my experience in the National Guard wherein I served intermittently between the ages of nine and twenty-two made the task far easier than I had supposed.

And right here I will pause to assert that West Point is a greatly over-rated institution. Since my first awkward experiences as an officer in the Regular Army I have taken the young West Pointers and taught them. I was surprised that these young men were sent to us with so little practical knowledge of their duties. They knew mathematics—were chock full of it—and could BE drilled. But when it came to drilling and instructing men they knew little more than I did when I reported with many fears and misgivings at Columbus Barracks.

West Point is a fine institution. It is thorough in its courses of instruction and its discipline is rigid. It has tradition behind it. The people believe in it, and the plan of recruiting its classes is supposed to give the poor boy the opportunity of securing a good education and being trained in the service of his country.

But there is serious doubt in the minds of many Army officers that West Point is the best solution of the problem of officering the Army. In the first place, the education is narrow. The West Point professor of a few years ago was a man who was not a graduate of any other institution of learning. He got his narrow education years before, was shut out from the world in a western post for a number of years, and returned to the only institution he had ever known to instill this crystallized narrowness into the rising generation. Other institutions of learning put the young men in touch with the thought of the world, even our smaller colleges having professors from various leading institutions in America and Europe. This has a broadening effect not to be had at West Point.

It is urged that the progress of elimination at West Point makes it indispensable—that is, hard tasks are set so that all but the brightest men may fail. But this is not the case. Many of our greatest men both in the Army

and in civil life did not lead their classes at college. Take a young man who has been graduated from any high class institution in the country and let him go to the war college for one year, subject to examination and final rejection, and you will get a better officer at less than one tenth the cost to the government.

However, West Point has turned out some great men, and the average West Pointer is a better officer than the average officer appointed from civil life or from the ranks. So there you are. And in the absence of a greater demand for reform the matter will rest as it is; for the American Army is acknowledged by all to have the most efficient officers in the world.

But we are getting far away from Columbus Barracks, where a green Tar Heel lad is strutting around in a Second Lieutenant's uniform trying to hide his ignorance. This post was merely the starting place, but I learned enough there to get along fairly well, and after a few weeks became impatient to join my regiment, the 23rd Infantry, then doing duty in the Philippines. My application for moving orders was approved, and I was sent to Fort Slocum, N. Y., to accompany recruits ordered to leave there on the Transport "Sumner" about December 1st, 1899. Hence I hied me, along in October, but the Sumner did not sail at the expected time. A week's wait lengthened into a month—and then some. The ship was being repaired and fitted up, and many accidents and difficulties contributed to the already sufficient number of causes for delay.



## II

### Out On The Atlantic

**I**N the 26th of March, 1900, we were ready to embark on our long journey to the Philippines via the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, India, and intermediate points; but one of our dear populistically inclined congressmen concluded that he would make a grandstand play. Taking an overdrawn newspaper story as his authority, the "Gentlemen from Squedunk" proudly arose in that august body at Washington, "holding in his other hand," no doubt, "a bill for the relief of widows and orphans," and demanded an immediate investigation as to the alleged excessive amount of money spent on the so-called luxurious fittings of the "Sumner." It seems that the bath rooms of the ship's commander and the quartermaster had cost several hundred dollars more than absolutely necessary. Consequently the day of sailing was postponed until March 29th. The troops who had been transported from the up-sound forts were sent back and the total cost of the delay amounted to many thousands of dollars.

However, the late afternoon of March 29th found our beautiful ship sweeping majestically down the harbor, past Sandy Hook, and out into the big waves of the Atlantic. To a country lad every step was full of interest. Looking back we could see the Statue of Liberty slowly sinking out of sight, later the wooded shores of New Jersey and Long Island went down into the waters and a feeling of loneliness came over us. We looked to the front. Across there was Europe—a land which had heretofore existed only in books, nor could we yet realize that we would see it and get a little glympse of the old world civilization.

The winds and waters were cold and the ship which had seemed so large now appeared insignificant. It was a wonderful sight to behold our craft of 100 yards in length crawling up on the side of a big wave. That night we had supper all right, but next morning the cooking was bad. Nothing doing! Please, Oh, please, take it away! Others seemed to think the grub was prime, but not your Uncle Dunley. There was a smell about it—ugh! Me fer the ham and eggs way back in old Haywood where the darned room would STAY STILL and let a feller eat in peace. I felt like repeating these immortal lines:

"Oh, Mister Captain stop the ship,  
I'd rather get out and walk;  
I feel so very flippity-flop,  
I'll never reach New York!"

Down on the troop deck the soldiers were having a great time. A bunch of the seasoned ones congregated near a gangway and were having fun over the ones who had eaten well but not wisely. They would sing, laugh, and shout when some poor sick devil had to run to the side and "feed the fishes." Such cries rang out as: "le't er go, old pal, there's no bones in it," "that's what



you get for bein' a hog," and "Oh, don't I wish I was back to Squedunk!" But the sick ones smiled and "took their medicine," many of them recovering and joining the crowd in laughing at the others.

I soon found my remedy. I could lay down on my bunk and the nausea would leave me almost immediately; so it was "bunk fatigue" with a good book for your Uncle for an hour or so after each meal, and in a day or two I was one of the bunch that laughed at the others.

It don't pay to go through life giggling, but a cheerful disposition and a good laugh every hour is the finest medicine known to science and is recommended not only for sea sickness but for all the ills to which the flesh and spirit are subject. But let me tell you something, on your first voyage you will not recover entirely until you can "get out and walk." When you first enter the dining saloon or when you hear the rattle of the dinner gong your stomach will enter a mild protest; and the smell from the cooking galleys will be anything but pleasant. However, the first taste of soup or the first sip of good coffee will put you back on the job, and you're all right until that cursed gong sounds again. Just a little taste of brandy and soda (about "half a finger") ten minutes before dinner will put you in great shape; but it will be more becoming in you to get a tablespoon and measure it off (about eight of them—that's plenty, thank you) and make a wry face when you take it. Get the hospital steward to label up the bottle and mark the prescription number, for the moral effect—then the Chaplain will join you any time you ask him. Since I started out to prescribe, let me say that if you really want to avoid sea sickness, take calomel a few days before you commence the voyage and get your liver in order. That and a little brandy and soda before meals will, in nine cases out of ten, enable you to get along famously. Now don't forget to label your bottle "UNCLE DUDLEY'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION." Beware of imitations, as your druggist may offer you something "just as good." Eight spoonfuls, remember, and do not take it when the sound of the dinner gong don't SMELL.

Now that we are well under way, I will pause to tell you about the passengers of the United States Army Transport "Sumner" and the routine life on board. The two upper decks, the bridge deck and the spar deck, were fitted with staterooms for the officers. But these rooms extend from about one-third the ship's length forward to the same distance aft, leaving a big plain deck for the soldiers to come out on for drill, exercises and recreation. We had about fifty officers and six hundred recruits. Both officers and men were members of the various regiments in the Philippines to which they had previously belonged or had just been assigned. Each temporary company was commanded by its ranking officer, while the entire outfit was commanded by a colonel. Not all the officers or men were new, some were old officers who had been promoted to regiments in the Philippines, some were West Pointers, some were youngsters who kept their mouths shut and "caught on" to everything they could, while others were greenies who didn't have sense enough to adopt the say-nothing policy and had to be "taken down a peg or two."

It was the same with the enlisted men—some were returning from sick leave, some had returned to the states to re-enlist, some were raw recruits who were trying to feed all the fishes in the ocean and wishing they had been born a girl baby and died young.

The officers had staterooms of about eight by ten feet dimensions, two officers to a room. These had settees, toilet sets, and chiffoniers, and were fitted up sufficiently well to make the voyage fairly comfortable. Officers were well served in the large saloon on the spar deck which is conducted pretty much as a first class hotel. The soldiers' quarters were on the decks below and were fitted out with rows, or tiers, of canvass bunks fastened securely to iron rods which were embedded in the decks above and below. These bunks were arranged one on top of the other about five deep, with sufficient space between. The quarters were well ventilated by port holes on the upper decks and air pumps on the lower decks, and were heated by steam pipes running from the big boilers in the bottom of the ship. The quarters were kept scrupulously clean, and each deck had it's lavatories and bath room. A large mess hall with movable tables and benches served the soldiers. Each company, under the personal supervision of its commander, his lieutenants and sergeants, drew its own rations and did it's own cooking.

And right here I must tell you the difference between Regular Army officers and a few untrained and undisciplined volunteer officers I had occasion to observe in the Spanish-American War. The Regular officer is on his job. The matter of feeding troops, clothing them, enabling them to make themselves comfortable, protecting them from disease, and training them so that the government may get full value for the expenditure, is a BUSINESS PROPOSITION with him. He CARES, and don't you forget it. He knows what the soldier is entitled to and he knows how to get it for him. To fail in this means humiliation and a loss of prestige both with the company and his fellow officers.

The Regular officer knows what his men are going to have for dinner and he knows how it is going to be cooked. I know officers who take great pride in the Christmas, Thanksgiving, other holiday and Sunday dinners of their company. Frequently they will invite brother officers and ladies to go through their mess halls just as the feast is laid and before the soldiers march in—"just to show 'em what a swell feed Company H is getting."

These officers stand between their men and higher authority at all times. The soldier must get "all that's coming to him" in the way of food, clothing, pay, and proper treatment; the government must get obedient, efficient service in return. The officer never speaks to the soldier except on business—no pleasantries, friendly remarks, jokes, or association of any kind on terms of equality. When the officer addresses a soldier the latter salutes and answers to the point in as few words as possible, putting a "sir" on the end of the remark.

This is not a "big I and little U" proposition with the officers. It is necessary to maintain the discipline which the army must have. It expedites business. It covers a multitude of official embarrassments and saves Uncle Sam millions of hours of precious time. This rankles in the breast of a few soldiers who would like to hob-nob with the officers simply because they are officers and because they have a disposition to look down upon their equals and bootlick official superiors. But the average soldier sees the necessity for it and he is as proud to salute his officer as the latter is to return the salute—and an officer can be tried on the complaint of a soldier for his failure to return a salute, just as surely as the soldier can be tried for the omission when it is not satis-

factorily explained. These soldiers know it is not because they are not the equals of the officers in any sense except officially, and the great majority would not want officers "messin' with their business, any way."

But the greatest respect and the kindest feeling exists between REAL SOLDIERS and the right kind of officers. When they salute each other each realizes that he is saluting the Old Flag—the regiment, the army! There's something grand about it, and absolutely nothing repugnant to the soldier with the true spirit.

However, this attitude is one which is not understood and is even criticised by the people generally, and is resented by the newly enlisted volunteer. There are reasons for this. The necessity is not plain to the layman, and then we have a great deal of the cheap bunco in our ideas as constantly reflected by the ultra radical politicians and the yellow newspapers.

You may say that there is too great a difference made between officer and soldier. The officers had state rooms on the transport and were served as first class passengers. But the officer had to pay for his food at the rate of \$1.50 per day. He has to pay for his expensive uniforms and equipment while the soldier is fed, clothed, and quartered in addition to his pay. A Second Lieutenant draws \$116.75 per month. He must have a full dress uniform costing anywhere from \$75.00 to \$150.00, a dress uniform costing \$60.00; a number of undress uniforms costing \$30 to \$45 each. He must have a servant, meet club dues, and other expenses which make his little salary look like 15 cents worth of plugged nickles before he gets through with it. You may say a great deal of this should be cut out, but it can not. The American officer represents his government. He meets officers of other armies composed of the gentry and nobility of such countries as England and Germany. He can not, therefore, be a penny squeezer if he has the proper pride in his regiment, his army and his country. He must be entertained and must, of course, meet the obligations entailed. If he does not live on this scale in the army post, he will be an awkward greenhorn when the time comes for him to "make good" and hold up Uncle Sam's end of it. The respect in which our nation is held abroad is important not only to our commerce but to the pleasure and safety of our citizens traveling in foreign countries. Of course the big guns of the Navy, our immense riches, our splendid achievements are the big factors in influencing the attitude of other nations toward America; but Uncle Sam wants all things to be consistent and these things merely increase the obligations on the part of our foreign representatives and our officers to hold up their end with credit. And you may rest assured that the officers of both Army and Navy stand as high socially in foreign countries as they do officially.

We have gassed about the army until we are two-thirds of the way across the Atlantic! Here are the Azores with the tops of the mountains just peeping over the edge of the rolling waters on the morning of the seventh day out from New York. The ocean liner makes it from New York to Liverpool in a few minutes less than five days, but army transports make an equal distance in ten days and brag about it. But we were going straight across to Gibraltar, through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the Indian ocean to the Philippines, nor did we stop in the Azores. But from the time we sighted the mountain tops about 100 miles away until we left them an equal distance



astern in the afternoon the scene was one of beauty and great enjoyment to all of the youngsters who had never set peepers on a foreign land before. It is no wonder old Christopher Columbus and his men cried of joy and cut all kinds of ridiculous didos when they reached land in our West Indies after being on strange seas so long. After one's first voyage the sight of land has a fascination beyond explanation or description. A fellow wants to fairly hug the ground.

Looking out over a few miles of water the white houses in the villages on the island of Pico seemed like pictures in a fairy book. For the first time I beheld a foreign land and looked on the habitations of a people whose language was unintelligible to me and whose history, traditions, laws and customs, were so different from our own that I could hardly realize that they were inhabitants of my own planet. Not that all this difference actually existed, for these simple and thrifty people of Portuguese, Moorish and Flemish descent are in reality no greater strangers than thousands of foreigners dwelling in the City of New York, but this is how the strange scene impressed a country lad on the first trip out, with the enchantment of a few miles distance from the shore, my limited experience and a vivid imagination. A few years later I could have passed from the wilds of Mindanao into Ponto Delgada, the chief city of the Azores, and felt entirely at home, so much does stranger scenes render the strange ones more familiar.

The Azores are 930 miles west from the coast of Portugal, of which country it is a part, having equal rights with the territory on the continent. There are about ten islands with a total population of 256,474 and a total area of 922 square miles. Although the group is in the same latitude as Washington City and southern Ohio the temperature is never below 50 nor above 75 degrees. The soil is very productive and the chief products are oranges, bananas, grapes, coffee, sugar and tea. They export cottons, wine, lace, hats, woollens, baskets, brick and tile, the total per year amounting to more than \$1,000,000. The highest mountain is eight hundred feet higher than Mt. Mitchell, which is a few feet under 7000 feet; but, rising from the sea as does this one in the Azores, it looks far more awe inspiring.

Although the Gulf stream works the wonder of transforming the Azores into a tropical country and, for that matter, tempers the climate of England and the North Western coast of Europe to a degree which is truly marvelous, it has its little drawbacks. Lieutenant Maury (who wrote the geographies) said it was the track of storms. I verified this later in a way I shall never forget, but now the said Gulf stream simply persisted in the mildest possible manner in making the dinner gong SMELL. But as we left the Azores the sea calmed down and the ham and eggs of yesterday left us in peace.

Every day we had drills and exercises, marching the men over the spar deck and down the gangways and giving them the military system of calisthenics known as "setting up" drills. As the sea calmed down the spirits of all on board rose, and when, on the night of the third day out from the Azores, the light from Cape St. Vincent lighthouse on the South Western corner of Portugal was sighted we were fairly jubilant. Next morning we were to see the coast of Spain! The land of Ferdinand and Isabella, the land of fable, song and story, of the bull fights, the picturesque costumes, the beautiful women and the ultra chivalrous men.



I could hardly get to sleep for thinking of it; but finally dozed off at a late hour to be awakened in the early morning by the intermittent bellow of the ship's big whistle. The fog had settled down and we were steaming around in a small circle about fifteen miles out from the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar. The whistle was to warn other ships of our position and prevent a collision. Many are the ships which have gone down with all on board in collisions caused by these dense fogs.

I could not help but marvel at the great proficiency men have attained in navigation. Here we were at the entrance of the straits, not two miles off our course, when our sea captain and his officers had nothing to guide them but the stars and their calculations for thousands of miles.

It was seven hours before the fog finally lifted and we steamed at full speed toward the straits. The fog lifted as a curtain and never before or afterwards has a curtain been drawn aside to reveal to my vision such a scene of grandeur! Two new continents were in view. On the left the rugged, treeless hills of the coast of Spain with the white palaces of the City of Cadiz forming a tiny speck in the distance. To our right far away over the waters at an apparently great height above the sea on a picture cliff was a city of pure white. This was Tangiers, the principal city of Morocco and the home of the Sultan. The water, the mountains, the white castles reflecting back the glory of the afternoon sun made a scene so splendid and withal so novel that I could hardly believe it to be real.

Slowly we approached the great Pillars of Hercules which the ancients believed held up the sky. We passed the Cape of Trafalgar where the English Admiral, Lord Nelson, in 1805, gained his brilliant victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain and checked forever the hopes of Napoleon to establish his power on the seas. Here it was that the genius and daring of this man enabled him to write his name among the greatest naval heroes of the world and to strike the blow that made the world acknowledge England "mistress of the seas." Here is where the great Nelson laid down his life for the flag he loved. I was viewing the very hills upon which perhaps that gallant sailor fixed his dying gaze as he thought of his England, his loved ones, and the glory he had won for them that day—his last on earth.

Not far beyond on the Spanish side was the City of Tarifa. Now, ye politicians, sit up and take notice. Here is where we get the name for our much discussed tariff. Tarifa is just outside the straits. Here is an ancient castle and a strong fortress from which "in the days of old when knights were bold" would issue ships of war to attack and levy tribute upon passing vessels. There are two versions of the story, the Democrats aboard the "Sumner" contended that the passing ships were robbed, but the Republicans said the ships were made to pay merely a certain per cent for the privilege of passing through the straits and trading with the people on the coast of Spain and in the rich valleys of Morocco. At any rate there was Tarifa slowly sliding by, and it was the place whose ancient practices came down through the ages to give a name to the hottest proposition in American politics.

Passing on we glimpsed Gibraltar—the proud emblem of the Prudential Insurance Company! (25 cents, please.)

### III

## Spain and Gibraltar

**T**HE good ship "Sumner" finally dropped anchor in the little harbor of Gibraltar. Now if you don't be good you may be in jail some day and then (I imagine) you'll feel, when its a few hours until your time's up, just as impatient about the matter as I was in my anxiety to get my footies on the Rock of Gibraltar. We thought we were doing pretty well on the ship until the opportunity to get away from it was in sight. Then we felt as if we could not have stood it another day. But all things come to those who wait, provided the time of waiting is properly employed; and it was not many hours before several happy and eager Second Lieutenants were steaming away in the ships launch with 24 hours shore leave.

On the north western side of the big rock from the top of which the sea can be viewed for many miles in all the seaward directions and the channel between the Pillars of Hercules can be completely commanded by the big guns, there is just enough room for the quaintest little town in the world. The streets extend far up on the mountain side until the steep cliffs forbid further advance. Some of the streets are very steep. Beyond the main thoroughfare at the bottom we found a little park, very large for the size of the town, covering in all about an acre of ground. Here were growing oranges, flowers, fountains (if I remember correctly,) rustic seats, summer houses, picturesque little bridges over the minature ravines—in fact its small cliffs, vines, and hedges made this a charming play ground for the English soldiers and inhabitants of the town.

We went far up into the underground galleries facing the narrow neck which joins Gibraltar to the main land. Through the small openings the muzzles of the big guns protrude. These are sufficient to check the advance of any number of hostile troops by land. The galleries are connected by underground passages and we advanced over stone steps into which the feet of many generations had worn the undeniable evidence of age.

None but old and tried officers and soldiers of the English Army may go into the other secret galleries fitted, so we understood, with the modern, high power, 8 and 13 inch guns; so we did not have the opportunity of inspecting them. Near the top of the land galleries stood a Moorish castle probably 1000 years old. We could not go into this, but its gray walls and medieval architecture reminded us of the past history of the stronghold of Gibraltar.

The value of the position of Gibraltar was appreciated by the Phoenicians more than 2000 years ago. It was taken by the Moors in the eighth century, was recaptured by the Spaniards on the expulsion of the Moors a few years prior to the discovery of America. The British captured it in the war of the Spanish Succession and the tenacity with which he has held it since that time entitles John Bull to his name. The English have withstood severe sieges in this place, notably those of 1736, 1779 to 1783. By far the most heroic of it's

defenders was Lord Heathfield who commanded the besieged garrison during many of the attacks between 1779 to 1783.

At the time of our visit the garrison was considerably reduced on account of the demand for men in the Boer War, which was then raging; but the usual garrison is about 6000 men with the proportional complement of officers. There are 20,000 people in the town though it does not appear to be half so large.

Just across the neutral zone on the isthmus is the Spanish town of La Linea. Looking at this aggregation of one story huts an older officer asked me to guess at the number of inhabitants. Eight hundred was my estimate. Eight thousand was well under the real figures. And La Linea was no exception. It is hard for an American to realize how those European towns and cities are crowded. We made a trip over to La Linea in the afternoon, it being but a five minutes walk from Gibraltar. Low Spanish huts, dirty streets, and vile smells were the principal features. A squad of Spanish soldiers was on guard at the gate and the sentinels on post recognized us and saluted promptly.

But the big thing about this town is the bull ring. It was almost as large as the town and must have cost more. It is a vast circular structure with the bull ring in the center and rows of seats rising above each other to the top—about forty feet. On one side was the Royal Coat of Arms and raised box seats for the King and his party. His Majesty is entertained with this barbarous sport whenever he visits the place.

Many of the servants and laborers who find daily occupation on the English side in Gibraltar have their homes in La Linea. At sunset these must go out from the walled city. So this aggregation of hovels could not in justice be described as a typical Spanish town. Across the bay in plain view of us was the city of Algeiras. Here one sees how the middle and upper classes of Spaniards live. Here we saw enough to respect them and be attracted by the dignified pride and graces of a really charming people.

And right here I learned a very important lesson. One must not judge a people by the lowest class. In America we see the Chinese coolie, the bear dancing Italian, and the cut throat Spaniard, and we think of these when their countrymen come up for discussion. We forget that we have people in the United States of whom we are not proud. The courteous, educated, and refined Spaniard, Italian, or Chinaman is a very different person. It is a delight to meet and converse with him—and he can usually give us lessons in politeness and gentlemanly graces.

One of the most perfect gentlemen I have ever met was a Chinaman. He was worth a million dollars, but was as plain and unassuming as a Plymouth Rock rooster, and he would make you feel that he thought you (while you were in his house) were the greatest personage in the world and that you were doing him the greatest honor. This man gave the use of his house, which was a very fine one, to the officers of the 23rd Infantry, to be used as a Club House, for a whole year while he visited in foreign countries. Another fine gentleman I know—one of the finest—wears patched trousers and works on a farm. And he is as much of a GENTLEMAN as any millionaire in the world and is respected as such. The cut of the coat, the standing collar, or the plug hat does not enter into the question.



So we must view all classes before judging a people. Consider the literature, art, inventions, institutions, and achievements of a nation, instead of being confined to memories of their renegades and outcasts. So far as a gentleman is concerned—he is like a gold dollar, good in any part of the world, no matter what language or national emblems are stamped upon it. A gentleman is a GENTLE MAN, not a vicious man, not a liar, not a vulgarian, not a bully, not a hypocrite, not a slave to his animal instincts. He speaks the truth, deals fairly, is kind and courteous, true and loyal, chivalrous and respectful to women under any and all circumstances. If a “Dago” is all of these, he’s the goods. Let him enter and be received in a form duly consistent with his virtues. Let not his race prejudice you against him.

The resentment which some in ignorance feel against the south for the treatment they imagine the negro receives is not well founded in this respect. They think the negro is disliked and not given a chance because his skin is black—because of race prejudice. And, worse for him, the negro thinks this. But it is not the case, and when the negro realizes just what is the matter he will have made a great step forward.

Take the typical negro. Does he want to be as faithful as the average white man? Does he desire to be as prompt and reliable? Does he want to be as law abiding, as public spirited, as thrifty? If he tells you he will be there at six o’clock can you, as a rule, depend on him? Does he have high ideals and strive to live up to them? Or does the negro stop when his vanity is satisfied? Isn’t a plug hat and a standing collar rank poison to him? If he gets \$2.00 per day instead of \$1.00 does he not work just half as much?—or wear a few more “glad rags?” The typical negro has his eye on the visible reward. He wants to GET as MUCH, but the idea of taking a pride in DOING as much and as WELL as a white man has not yet entered his head. A little matter like Booker Washington dining with Theodore Roosevelt, or a negro prize fighter whipping a white ruffian, are things which cause the negro to exhibit more apparent pride than would the accomplishment of some real achievement by a member of his race. To seem rather than to be is the negro’s motto.

There are exceptions to these observations; but they are not in sufficient numbers to affect the general conclusions. They must work out their problem, and they must overlook the sham and take a peep at the real before they will be respected as they would like to be. Meantime the South will give the Negro the treatment his virtues demand—no more, no less. Those who misjudge will not be able to alter the immutable laws of society. When the Negro makes better treatment possible, he will get it.

At Gibraltar we were visited by many English officers of the Army and Navy, while the “Tommy Atkinses” crowded on deck and swapped their little cocked hats with the soldiers for the broad brimmed campaign hats with which our men were equipped, these being a great curiosity to the Englishmen. Some of us dined with the Royal Artillery at their attractive club and mess hall.

We stayed two days in the harbor—two days of interest and excitement. I could have spent a month with profit.

## IV

### On The Island Of Malta

**A**T the present rate I suppose you think I'll get around the world the first time in about twenty seven and a half years; but the trouble with you is that you're doing nothing but reading this (or leaving it alone) while I am taking the trouble to think it all over again and write it down. Besides, I said at the start that this was to be a careless sort of pow-wow, and that means I'm privileged to yap all I please—Eh? Well, have a cigar and take a seat over there and I'll spin you out some Mediterranean "dope." But before I commence let me drop a line into your listener; it's mighty easy to criticise while the other fellow works and the fact that you do see defects does not mean that you're any good for anything yourself.

But I'm here to tell you, neighbor, that the Mediterranean Sea is pretty nice business after a trip across the Atlantic; and as we sailed along over a gently rolling sea, under the bluest of skies and trod our warm, sunlit, snow white deck, and drew our lungs full of fresh, pure air, it made us glad we were living. There was no need for Uncle Dudley's little spoonfuls of booze, you bet there wasn't. And here's the rub.. Our Western North Carolina folks are either teetotalers, holding that every drop of spirituous or malt liquors of every kind and variety is as "pizen as a rattlesnake," or they are guzzlers from a-way back and try to drink up all the moonshine in the mountains. The latter class invariably take a drink before breakfast—and that's a crime against nature, and common sense. If a man hasn't better sense than to take a drink of stimulating liquor before breakfast he ought to pay somebody to take care of him. In the early morning one is refreshed from sleep and has his store of pent up energy for the labors of the day. A man don't need a drink then, and if he takes it he has weakened himself and is less able to do his work.

And, for that matter, you don't need it 99 time out of 100 when you think you do. Do you think old Booze has the smile in it's delusive drops? Well, it just don't. The smile and the buoyancy is your own vitality, the life that's in you to sustain you for a man's duties. Old Booze borrows this and makes you use it ahead of time—when you don't need it. But it is borrowed from you, and you have to PAY IT BACK. The debt gets large if you keep on borrowing. You begin to get behind in your physical bank account, you can't think as fast and and you can't work as well. Soon it is a mortgage on your soul and then the Devil steps in and forecloses.

I'm not a teetotaler, young fellow, but the older I get the more firmly am I convinced that Booze won't do. And when it comes to choosing between open saloons and blind tigers I prefer the blind ones to those that



have eyes open and are on the job of destroying young men's lives during all hours of the day.

It was a short trip from Gibraltar to Malta—only three days, if I remember rightly. Most of the time we were in sight of the mountain tops of the Northern coast of Africa and once we got a little peep at the island of Sicily. You bet I was interested. Sunny Italy, Sicily, Northern Africa, Malta—these were words out of the book. I never dreamed I would actually see them. Nevertheless, there they were and far more interesting things were yet to see. My job was not to marvel too much, but to take full advantage of every opportunity. Seeing new sights are of little benefit if they fail to bring new thoughts. Between ports I spent a good part of the time reviewing the history of the countries next to be visited and I studied the maps and kept up with the position of our ship. In this way I could locate many of the landmarks which came in sight from time to time.

It was well up into the morning when we passed into the little harbor of Valetta, which is the chief city and capital of the island of Malta. The British flag was run up to our masthead and a salute of 21 guns fired from the forward deck of the "Summer" which was promptly returned by a battery from the shore. Before our anchor dropped we were fairly surrounded by small boats filled with shouting, gesticulating natives with fruits, tobacco and all kinds of wares to sell. The soldiers crowded to the rails and port holes and bargained for this, that and the other. As the natives were not allowed on board the soldiers procured long strings, passing the ends out to the boats where the desired purchases would be attached by the vendors and drawn aboard by the vendees. The coin was thrown into the boat when the bargain was struck. At first the goods would be released prior to remittance, but on one or two occasions the soldier disappeared in the crowd and the coin was not duly forwarded to cover invoice of recent date. So the plan of attaching the goods and keeping a hold on the string until after the little formality of payment was adopted and worked satisfactorily.

A neat little naptha launch flying the Stars and Stripes approached as the anchor dropped. Say boys, it was just a little painted rag, but it looked good to us! You'll never know how grand "Old Glory" looks until you see it approaching in a foreign land. And no matter where you go, Uncle Sam will have arrived before you and he will be there to protect you and tell you your rights and the best way to go.

Valetta is the base of the Mediterranean squadron of the British Navy and many were the fine ships in the harbor flying the English Flag. From the flag ship of the fleet came a beautiful boat bearing a Naval officer of the Admiral's staff. The boat was pure white and was propelled by eight oars which flashed and sparkled in the morning sun. The splendid white flag with the red cross of St. George floated from the stern of the boat where sat the officer who was to visit us. The sailors' uniforms were immaculate and the oars moved with a regularity which made them appear as if tied together.

As officer of the Guard it became my most pleasant duty to receive

the young officer as he came up the gangway, exchange greeting and conduct him to our commander. He introduced himself stating his name, rank, and ship, to which I replied with similar information and a "glad to see you aboard" as we shook hands. He wore his sword and white gloves, as I did. Marching on his left I escorted him to the commanding officer, who received from him the official greetings of the English Admiral and the usual proffer of assistance. In this way our Commander was officially informed of the rank of the other officer. It was then the duty of the commander of lower rank to call upon the superior within 24 hours. After a few inquiries about our voyage and some polite pleasantries the young officer saluted and retired. As I bade him good bye at the gangway the official manner dropped and he said: "Oh, I say! You are a fine lot of chaps, you know, and we would like to see you aboard." To which I replied in substance that we could not well be otherwise, since we were first cousins to the English and that we would be "at their service" for two or three days. Whereupon he passed me his card, receiving mine in return, and we agreed to meet at the Malta Union Club that afternoon. I was to take my friends and he would take his.

As I went off duty as officer of the guard an hour later, it was "shore leave" for your Uncle Dudley with four of my best friends among our lieutenants.

We had a few five dollar gold pieces which we readily exchanged for English sovereigns on an even basis, the sovereign being actually worth about \$4.80. So we filled our pockets with shillings, half crowns, "tuppence-hayp'n'ys," etc. As we started on from the wharf we met a dilapidated looking individual with something slightly resembling a donkey, but apparently much the worse for wear. One of my jest making companions pointed it out to us as the Maltese cross—between one of Bryan's orphan mules and a guinea pig, I guessed.

From the landing we proceeded up a flight of winding stairs consisting of about thirty, fifty and seventy steps of solid stone and most of the flight was covered by archways.

The streets were paved pretty much as ours in American cities, but the buildings bore the fascinating marks of age. Nearly all of the buildings were of solid masonry of more or less ancient construction and design. We visited the shops and found many things to interest us. I thought of the havoc which would result by turning a dozen home girls into the beautiful exhibits of Matese, Turkish, and Egyptian lace—all going at one fourth the price asked for these articles in the U. S. Turkish cigarettes were going at 75 cents for a box of 200, lace handkerchiefs (silk) at 25 cents, and other things in proportion. Fortunately I saw so many beautiful things at astonishingly low prices that I did not know where to commence—and I didn't commence. I saved my shillings for something which dust and neglect would not destroy. They were spent for hack fare, admissions, and expenses incidental to seeing everything in that ancient and historical place which was worth seeing. These memories are worth more than all the gew-gaws in the world.

I saw a picture by one of the great masters. I had never heard of it before, nor did I then know the name of the great soul who spread it upon the canvas. All I knew was that as I looked at it the message of unutterable pity and love for humanity almost smothered me. I stood aside and observed others approach the pictures. A young English girl came up chattering and smiling with her friends. The smile faded, the face was transformed, she understood, and a look of great tenderness and beauty came over that innocent face as she passed on with a tear glistening in the corner of one of her eyes. A man cannot look at that picture in the right way and fail to be made better.

All beauty and all truth is ours to sink deep into our minds and hearts if we will let them. They become part of the soul. The picture stays there and you use it as a standard by which you may appreciate others. Your soul has grown out over it. That human sympathy will bear fruit in your dealings with your fellow man. Its tendency is to make you too big to envy and hate, too serious to lie and gossip, too wise to throw away your precious minutes. If you do a kind act, a fearless and unselfish deed, a difficult duty, the knowledge of your having done it becomes a part of you and you grow just that much bigger, better, stronger, broader. The soul absorbs this strength even as the plant takes to itself the nourishing means of physical growth. This soul growth is the only thing you can take with you in your journey to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. It is the only thing really worth while.

But these things are not thrust upon us—only the opportunity. We must be on the lookout for them. While I remained near the picture a light headed youth gave it a glance and remarked: "Those gloomy scenes are such a blowstod bore, you know." I did not marvel at this, knowing full well that the bee and the humming bird get honey from the same flower from which the evil eyed spider abstracts poison. So much, you know, depends upon the desires and objects, for

"One ship sails east and another west,  
In the very same winds that blow;  
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales  
Which settles the way they go."

## V

### A Visit To St. Paul's Bay

**B**EFORE going further I will give you a few particulars regarding the interesting group of islands which includes Malta. There are three islands, Gozo, Comino, and Malta, the latter being by far the largest. The three cover 117 square miles while Malta alone is 95 sq. mi. Valetta is the chief city and had at the time of our visit 193,000 inhabitants. The principal part of the city is built out on a prominent peninsula with good harbors on either side. Both harbors are completely land locked and easily defended. The city and fortifications rise from the waters edge, and the principal streets are considerably higher than the waterline.

As the islands are only 58 miles from southern Sicily you can readily judge as to the mildness of the climate. Oranges, figs, cotton, potatoes and other vegetables are raised, and the care with which every available foot of the soil is cultivated would be a curiosity as well as a valuable lesson to our Southern farmers. On the hillsides little farms 100 feet square are terraced off and cultivated with an intensity that would give our prize winning corn folks trouble to keep in shouting distance.

The fences are rock walls, and if they come to a sharp corner where it is too shady for small vegetables a fruit tree sticks its head up to the sun—not a foot of land is wasted. Three acres of land in that country would be considered the vast estate of a wealthy planter—too much for one man to cultivate properly.

So far as known, the Phonicians were the first settlers of Malta. Then it was held by the Greeks, later by the Carthagenians. The Romans took it from the latter about 125 B. C. The Vandals overran the island between the last named date and the Arab conquest, in the year 870 A. D. Our ancestors, the Normans took the place in 1090. Napoleon's ownership of the islands extended from 1798 to 1890, when the British took them from him.

But the most interesting event of Maltese history are the shipwreck of St. Paul, in the year 62 A. D., and the granting of this territory, in 1530, by Charles V to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Masonry figures prominently and interestingly in the history and traditions of the island.

In the palace we saw long rows of armor, swords, spears, and other warlike paraphernalia which was used by crusaders. Carefully preserved in a glass case with some other priceless treasures we saw the original charter signed by Charles V. conveying the territory to the Knights of the Holy Saint John.

A narrative like this, I am sorry to say, can not be extended to include a description of the world famous tapestry, the paintings and the historical



relics which we saw that afternoon in the palace. This alone is worth a trip to Europe. The chapel of human bones, a relic of great plague on the island, was another object of interest, but as the idea did not appeal to me I did not visit it. Morbidity is distinct from solemnity, impressiveness and beauty. No chapel of human skulls for your Uncle Dudley when there are so many real things to see and so little time—"let the dead past bury its dead."

Well, that evening we drifted into the Malta Union Club where we found our young boarding officer of Her Majesty's Navy, and three of his companions waiting. One was the son of a Lord and another was to inherit a title, and all were the most charming fellows imaginable. I just remembered that I was a King in my own country and didn't let the titles bother me one bit.

But these young men were "the real thing"—"Quality," so to speak. And you could distinguish them as such principally by their plain and unassuming manners. They did not have to carry a chip on their shoulders for fear some one would not know they were the best blood of England. It's the son of your millionaire who made his money dressing hogs who has to carry his nose in the air when his betters are around. He is ashamed of the "old man" and the very suggestion of lard makes him turn white and reach for the smelling salts. We have young men and young women who are too proud to work and they are most pitiable slaves to false and idiotic pride. The real gentleman or lady should be ashamed not to work.

We had dinner with our friends, and a most enjoyable affair it was. On the next day they dined with us on the "Summer." We lined up and sung the good old songs of the service, parted at a late hour and promised faithfully to write to them from every port—which we did not do, for the British Navy and the Royal Artillery don't give you time to write back to the others.

I can never say enough to express my appreciation of English officers both in the Army and Navy. They have hospitality down fine, and they treat American officers with a cordiality which we did not receive from any others. "Blood's thicker than water, old chap, ye know," explained one when I expressed our appreciation.

The afternoon before our departure from Malta was spent in taking the trip to St. Paul's Bay, which is nine miles from Valetta on the northern side of the island. The young lady daughter of the American consul and two of her English friends made the party considerably more agreeable than it would have been. Some sort of a little Dago Marquis (or Markee or something) was dancing attendance on one of the girls and we made it the temporary object of our existence to see that the Marquis did not get to talk to the fair one of his choice a single minute. We organized reliefs, each taking a half hour turn in keeping the young fellow "horned off." It was no trouble at all and well worth the effort, for the lover's discomfort was sweet to our mischief delighting bunch.

Funny little pony carts, in which we had to ride half reclining, was



considered sufficient transportation for the crowd. After much noise and bustle we got under way and rattled down the road like a miniature battery of light artillery. I naturally supposed that the city limits of Valetta would be reached in a little while, and after an hour's travel I made inquiries. It appeared that the entire island was almost as thickly settled as the town. We trotted away, up hill and down hill, passing the queer little stone farm houses and the "two by four" farms, and keeping a sharp lookout for fear we would miss something.

One very peculiar thing was noticeable. The Maltese women do not show their faces outside of the house—that is, none but the peasants. They wear a peculiar black veil with holes cut through for the eyes. This is an ancient custom and is said to have started centuries ago when the island was overrun by foreign invaders. These ruffians, unable to resist the beauty of the Maltese girls, carried them away, since which time the black veil is worn by all maidens in well regulated Maltese families to hide their fatal beauty.

It seemed a very foolish thing for these young girls to go about disguised by an ugly veil and looking like a second rate scarecrow just because their ancestors did it. Prior generations should have handed down all that was good, useful and beautiful and withheld their foolish customs and silly prejudices. But I could not blame them, for I remembered that in my own country the freedom of young manhood was restrained by the memories and bitterness of a prior age. The great majority of our young men were taught that they could not vote as their brains dictated on the problems of the present and future; but in order to be true to their fathers, they must vote with consideration only for the hatreds of the past.

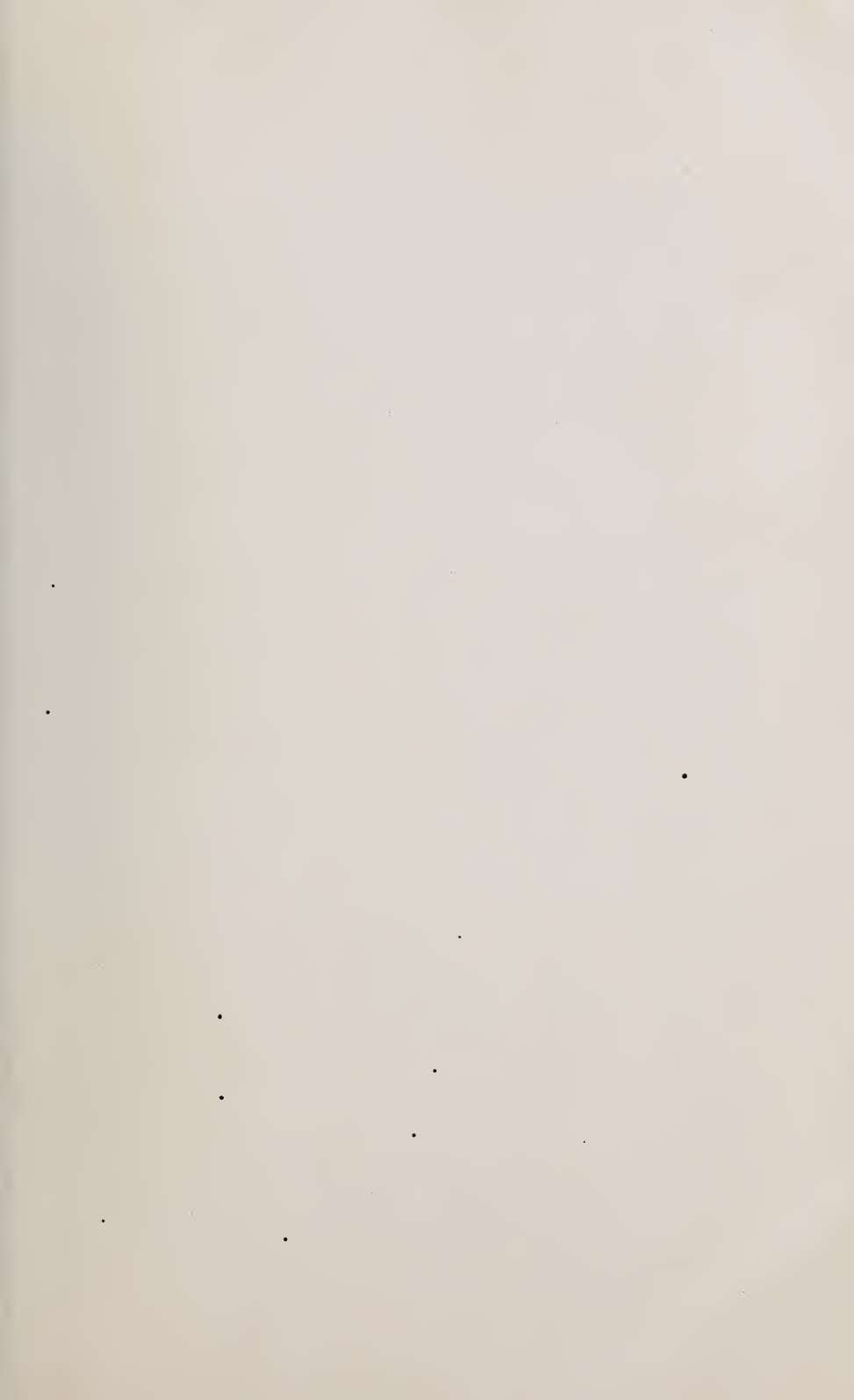
But I remembered with pride and affection that one Confederate soldier who was wounded on four bloody fields and who stood for the Southern cause to the last, told his son the difference between the death daring soldier of the Civil War and the big mouthed hypocrite who never smelt powder but who continued after many years of peace to appeal to the passions and prejudices of the people on the political stump. I have known the difference since the day he told me. Since that day I have had a burning desire to see my people politically free and to realize that good government in my State is again assured by the existence of two strong, decent political parties.

Whoa, Bill! Here's St. Paul's Bay—twenty minutes for dinner! And if you could see the ugly reefs of large boulders out in the Bay you would wonder that the good apostle ever got to land at all. There is no doubt as to the place, for the story of the shipwrecked man, who performed the miracle of picking a snake out of the blazing fire, has been handed down from father to son since that good day. The simple natives wanted to fall down and worship him, but he forbade them, and preached Jesus Christ. How few are the men in this good day who would rather preach the living God than to be worshipped!

Well, there are many interesting things about Malta and it's ancient capital which I have not mentioned. Plenty of them I did not see, for when I visited the place a few years later I had to enlarge on first impressions. But

we had to jog along just as soon as the necessary cargo was transferred and the ship's business transacted. So we weighed anchor at sundown after our return from St. Paul's Bay, and once more we stood on the starlit deck and heard the sound of the rushing waters and the lonesome throb of the big engines. Off to the front and left was the land of Egypt, to the right the fabled Greece! How much I would have given to be able to take half a lifetime to view these wonderful lands!







The "Buford" entering the Suez Canal from the Red Sea side.

## VI

### The Gateway To The East

**A**FTER a three days voyage under the bluest skies I ever saw and three of the most gorgeous moonlit nights the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean gradually assumed a dull mud color—it was the waters of the Nile. The Nile water can be distinguished for more than 100 miles in all seaward directions from its many mouths.

As we approached Port Said, the Western terminus of the great Suez Canal, the first thing which attracted our attention was the stone statue of Count DeLesseps, the world famous promoter and designer of this vast enterprise. The stone figure stood there in impressive silence apparently looking out over the sea. It was many things to me. It was the East calling to the West. It was the past becomg to the future. Behind it were untold centuries, the Pharoahs, the heathern gods, the oppression of the people by the priests, the prejudices of a narrow religion which forbade progress. Behind it was the Land of Egypt, the wild tribes of the desert, the fierce Numidian lion; before it was semi-barbarous Turkey, enlightened Europe, and glorious, mad, free, delightful America. It stood there in honor of the achievement of a great MIND which annihilated the handicap of centuries upon centuries and made possible the friendly intercourse of two worlds.

This was not like the other ports. Port Said is truly the dividing line between the East and the West. It's all so different that the same man seems different, feels different. We stayed two days here for the purpose of taking on coal. The big coal barges came alongside and the women did the work—what do you know about that! They formed lines and passed up the baskets filled with coal until they looked like balls of soot—chattering and jabbering all the while like so many droves of monkeys. Woman is a chattle "East of Suez." You can have one or you can have four, and you are "lord and master" to the whole bunch.

Now this seems all very nice at times. I had a chief of native police under me in the Philippines who had four wives. One day he had a headache or something and I went in to see what was the matter. One wife was fanning him, another holding his hand, another was fixing a mustard plaster and number four was giving him some medicine. But the old Hadji had to pay for the music. They kept up a pow-wow all the time. He didn't dare take sides, and there was nothing for him to do but make himself scarce. I shudder to think of the milliners' bills four American wives could swamp a fellow with. Excuse me! No quadruple blessedness for your Uncle Dudley!

But that's the East all right, and if they can stand it I guess other folks shouldn't complain. One sweet American girl with a pure heart and high ideals can make a real home. And she fills the house with sunshine and flowers and encouragement and music. But I imagine a third of a dozen dusky damsels



could make it anything else but home. Old Hadji, to the best of my knowledge, information and belief, used to have to grab his socks when a row started and put 'em on in the back yard.

Port Said has about 16,000 people, consisting of Turks, Egyptians, a few English, and some negroes. It looks scarcely larger than a village and is said to be the wickedest place in the world. A railroad runs from here to Cairo. Over this a number of our captains went for a three days' trip to see the pyramids, joining us at Suez. I did not have rank enough to come in on this deal, but was given a two days leave at the next port which I enjoyed very much.

Passing along a street in Port Said I was much surprised to see a room filled with children, all sitting on the floor which was covered with straw. The whole side of the room next to the street was open so we could observe and be observed. The youngsters had books in front of them and were all studying aloud. Such a mum-mum-mum, yow-yow-yow, jabber-jabber-jabber, I never heard before. They made me think of a gang of "progressive" politicians—though the poor little heathen hadn't wronged me and I should have apologized to the entire school for thinking such mean things about them.

We started through the Canal at six o'clock in the morning and reached Suez at dark. The Canal officials take charge of the ship, a uniformed Turkish or Egyptian officer being in command and a native pilot on the bridge to steer the ship. The company's own search lights and other paraphernalia was mounted on board and we steamed away at the rate of eight miles an hour—I believe this is the exact limit.

The canal is about 90 miles long and has a minimum depth of 29 feet and averages about 225 feet in width. There are wide places, or stations, at regular intervals to permit the passage of the larger ships. Regular signal and telegraph stations are along the way and the ships are dispatched through pretty much as trains are handled. Many were the big ships we met and passed that day, and the occasions were usually marked by an exchange of cheers between the soldiers of the "Sumner" and the crew of the foreigners. On one occasion we met a tramp steamer from Boston flying the Stars and Stripes. Maybe we didn't yell!

As we moved out from Port Said we began to feel the heat of the desert. It was terrific. As we pulled out, the decks were crowded with blue uniformed officers and men. In two hours the blue had vanished and the clean khaki and the brass buttons looked cool and good and felt a bloomin' sight better than they looked. We saw no more blue for two years—unless we were fishing around in old trunks for something.

That day was a long one. We could not get away from the heat and it was trying on the eyes to stay on deck. The rugged hills and mountains in the distance, like those of Arizona and Nevada, oppressed one with their desolation. Not a bush or a blade of grass as far as the eye could reach. To our left was the desert into which Moses led the children of Israel, and we could readily understand that nothing short of a miracle could bring an unrationed multitude through this barrenness.

The Canal passes through three lakes, Balah, Lake Timsah, and Birket El Mamleh (Great Bitter Lake.) These are very shallow and were formed (I

believe) after the Canal let the water in. A double line of buoys mark the deep water passage through which we slowly steamed.

Before sailing away I will tell you a little about the Canal which will be of interest on account of the discussions arising over our own great enterprise at Panama. The Suez Canal cost \$80,000,000. It was opened in 1869, and a few years later \$20,000,000 more was spent in broadening it in places and giving it twenty-nine feet depth. I have not the statistics for 1900, the year I passed through for the first time; but in 1906 the number of vessels passing through was 3,975—more than ten ships per day. The total receipts were \$21,567,906, while the expenditures were less than \$9,000,000. The average toll, therefore, was \$5425 per ship. There is a charge per ton and a head tax. The "Sumner" had to pay about \$6500. This seems a large charge, but to go around Africa to the Philippines with an outfit such as the "Sumner" carried would have cost many times this amount.

England owns about half of the stock in the Canal company. The neutrality is maintained by international agreement. There must be no hostilities in or near the Canal; while warships of all nations may pass through.

We did not drop the anchor in the harbor but were joined by our sight-seeing captains at once and sailed away. By this time I had cultivated a friendship with the Chief Engineer of the "Sumner" and I was down in the bottom of the ship seeing the big engines start up when we started off down through the Red Sea. A moonlit sea is all right, but the splendid machinery such as is required to propel a big ship is almost as fascinating. It is fine to view the mighty things which the brain of man has devised.

One looks out at the nightly heavens and beholds the stars. Each tiny speck is a shining sun, most of them millions of times larger than our sun, which itself compares with our earth as a pumpkin compares with a grain of sand. Beyond the farthest ones—what? There can be no end—on WHAT would the end rest! Infinity—without beginning and without end! It staggers the mind, and yet the soul of man would reach out, would explore and know and wonder and adore the great Author of it all.

We want to know because we have a tiny spark of the Great Spirit in us. Man digs into the secrets of nature, contrives, adds little by little. It's the big engines that drive the ships over the foaming waters, then it's the factories, the electric wonders, radium, X-ray, aeroplanes. There is no limit to what the mind can accomplish, for both the desire and the power is a part of Infinite Knowledge. The rushing steam, the heavy engine throb, the humming dynamo, sing a sweet song to me. It's the song of human progress, the song of the souls of men hearkening to the call of I AM THAT I AM. Impelled by the longing within and drawn by the POWER beyond, which we know not of, we press on and on and on. Some day we will know what the far flung line of the outer stars rests upon and why—

"And only the Master shall praise us,  
And only the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money,  
And no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working,  
And each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the things as he sees it  
For the GOD OF THINGS AS THEY ARE!"

## VII

### To "India's Carol Strand"

**W**ELL, did you think yer old Uncle Dudley would stay there in the Red Sea and gaze at the stars and quote Kipling? Not on your pink perambulators! We just traveled right on down towards the Strait of Babelmaudeb (some class to that name—eh?) as fast as steam could carry us—this particular ship made an average speed of 270 miles per day of twenty-four hours. It took us about five days out from Suez to pass Aden on the Southern coast of Arabia.

The next morning after leaving Suez we got a good look at Mt. Sinai at a distance of about 60 miles. We had passed over the point where "Pharoah's Army Got Drowned in the Sea—Oh, Mary, don't ye weep, don't ye mourn!" A grand sight old Sinai is, too. It towers above the other mountains like a huge giant, solemn, barren, majestic. I was carried back through the centuries and reminded of that august scene when the glory of the Living God descended in the clouds and caused this old eminence of desolation to tremble in the awful Presence. Here was the birth place of THE LAW. Short and simple they were, but so pregnant with wisdom that the passing of centuries upon centuries has but taught us to appreciate them the more. The highest human laws today are founded upon those which Moses brought down carved upon the deathless stone.

Not less majestic than the mountain stands the memory of Moses, the grandest figure of history. I thought of this man, the great lawyer who could renounce the most powerful of earthly thrones to obey his God and share the privations of his people. Surely no mortal ever met with such unsurmountable difficulties, such discouragements, such provocations. But, let me tell you something: Moses was a MAN! The steadfastness of his faith surpassed the fervent heat of the desert sun, the greatest of his spirit was more splendid than the mighty lightnings, the fury of the storm, the angry murmur of the multitude or the roar of the tempest.

"This was the greatest warrior  
Who ever wielded sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
Who ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,  
As he wrote down for men!"

Old Moses, you were the goods! It makes us proud of the human race to think of you; for you listened not to popular clamor but harkened to the voice of God, and you had the nerve to accomplish the impossible!

As I stood on the quarter-deck studying Mt. Sinai through the glasses my attention was attracted to the deck below where some soldiers were showing the historical point to an old negro soldier of the 25th Infantry.

"Ah, now! You ain't gwine tell me dah Mout Sini!"

"Oh, yes, it is, Rastus."

“Well, fo’ de Land Sake! Den dat’s whar Colonel Moses went up dar an’ got dem ten Gener’l Oh’ders! Well I do say!”

The Red Sea is as blue as the Mediterranean or the Atlantic Ocean, but we were told that it had a dark reddish tinge at certain times of the year caused by the blowing of the desert sands. The hot winds from the desert, though they brought no sand, made just about all we wanted in the way of tropical zephyrs—and don't you forget it! It was hot. Old Satan himself would have called for the ice!

But we soon became accustomed to it. About the fifth day from Suez we passed in plain view of Aden. The immense white buildings had an air of fascinating strangeness and we would have given much for a day's stop. The English are there and we heard that the Queen's favorite regiment was stationed there as a punishment for some breach of discipline. It's a lonesome place and the Britishers give visitor the time of their lives. My, but we did want to stop!

Passing out into the Indian Ocean we sailed for days over glassy seas. At times there would be heavy swells which made the ship roll, but the surface was as if oiled. Flying fish jumped out of the rollers and sailed away from us. Occasionally a school of dolphins would cut across in front of us. One, I remember distinctly, which appeared to be a mile away jumped many times its length above the water and was of enormous size. Sometimes a shark would be discovered following us. This amused the soldiers, but the sailors didn't like it—a shark's persistent following, according to maritime superstition, means that somebody aboard is going to die.

These were days of drills on deck, instruction of non-commissioned officers in quarters, inspections, cards and concerts in the saloon, and a few hours each day for reading and study. During the voyage I completed a course in military map making, outposts, pickets, advance and rear guards, signaling, and a review of a few other studies I judged would be of immediate use. Time flies when one has interesting work, and it seemed but a few days until we saw the palm trees of Ceylon becomg to us.

A youngster is apt to form fantastic ideas of such far away lands as India, and as I arose from my bunk at eight o'clock in the morning and peeped through the port-hole I could imagine droves of lions and tigers beneath the palm trees skirting the shores which receded from the most populous portion of the city. Though I was destined to see no wild animals, Colombo held many interesting surprises for me, and my two days ashore were (as the editor would say) "alone worth the price of subscription." Of course I would see the wonderful magic of the Indian jugglers and if I visited the temples I would see the heathen bowing down to "stocks and stones."

But the first word spoken and the first sign made by a native of this wonderful land was the usual thing—a request for coin. Three dark skinned, straight haired youngsters were amusing the soldiers by diving for small coins. They came alongside in a small canoe supported on one side by a large piece of bamboo parallel to the boat, fastened about six feet away from the same by wooden cross pieces attached at either end. The boat was tilted slightly towards the bamboo. The floating device prevented the narrow craft from



capsizing and enabled it to carry many times its normal load.

The youngsters were clad in nothing to speak of save rows of white teeth and pleasant smiles. When a piece of money hit the water the three would go under and we would see the lighter bottoms of six struggling feet until one emerged holding the coin aloft. Then they would make a dash for the drifting boat, paddle back in front of their generous audience and chatter "di, di, di! All ready! Here go, now." The 'di, di,' being the best they could make to pronounce the word "dive."

Breakfast with a new land of wonders waiting for our impatient feet was a rather abbreviated affair. With a two days' shore leave we struck out. Being in too great a hurry to wait for the ship's launch we gave a sixpence apiece to be paddled ashore in one of those curious canoes similar to the craft of the small divers. We landed on the end of a long wharf and were immediately confronted by the money changers. It was rupees this time—one being about the size of a fifty-cent piece and worth about one-third of a dollar.

Here is where I learned something about currency. I had a few silver dollars which I offered for exchange. I was offered but one and a half rupees apiece for these. But they gave me fifteen rupees for a \$5 gold piece and fifteen for an English sovereign, which is a gold coin worth about \$4.85. They didn't get my silver dollars, for they did not want them bad enough. The reason for this was that the great mass of silver dollars in the East were Mexican currency and one was worth about half of a dollar issued by a country having a gold standard. As it happened I saved my fine old American dollars and got 100 cents apiece for them from folks who knew that Bryan had been turned down by an overwhelming majority, but I did not fail to see just where "free silver" would have placed us in the eyes of the world. A man can theorize and orate until he almost convinces himself that a political fad is a great thing, but when that man shoves the coin over the counter and finds that it's considered cheap, because it is cheap, he meets an argument that is likely to convince.

The politicians would have given us 50-cent dollars if we hadn't had better sense than to believe them. Now they would like to hand us 50-cent bank guarantee, 50-cent senators, 50-cent judges (with a recall staring them in the face,) 50-cent legislators (who have not sense enough to make laws,) and fifty-cent constitutions moulded after a "two by four" back woods community in the mountains of Europe. No, Sir! Not if we keep our thinking apparatus on the job! A gold dollar and the constitution written by Thomas Jefferson, judiciously amended to meet present requirements, is good enough for your Uncle Dudley!

The Galle Face Hotel is the stranger's delight in Colombo, and thither we went in small carriages drawn by human beasts. These were the first jinrickshaws we had seen and as the little two wheeled, single seated vehicles sailed along behind the trotting natives I was reminded of the picture of a scene in China in my old Elementary Geography. When the human horse went too slowly we shouted or whistled and they would hit it up more lively. We went in droves, about a dozen lieutenants from the "Sumner," and where the long avenue stretches along the sea we had some fine races. We had been refused leave for the Cairo trip, but our commanding officer made full amends by telling



us to "go it" at this port. It was "our night to howl," and we surely took things in.

We stopped at the shops and examined the rich ivory, silks, jewelry and many other beautiful things, some of us making purchases here and there.

On emerging from one of the shops, I was accosted by a pitiful old man with a palsied hand. His cheeks were sunken and he pointed to his mouth and shook his head. "Ah, Master," he whined, "I am old and crippled and I starve—I starve! Just give me a penny—only a penny!" I was almost overcome with pity for this miserable creature, and I was glad I could afford to relieve his sufferings. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" were the words of the Master. I remembered it then, and I remembered the feeling of human sympathy in my heart and appreciated the fact that my act of encouraging it was the real blessing. I would be the better for it. So I gave.

Immediate, as if by magic, I was surrounded by a dozen whining, howling beggars. They popped up apparently from around corners, up alleys, and across the street, the moment they saw me hand the coin to one of their lousy, good for nothing number. I shook my head and remonstrated. More came. It really looked as if I would be mobbed. When my companions came out and we finally succeeded in getting under way the beggarly bunch followed us whining and yelling. My beast of burden did a little sprinting and we strung the followers out for awhile. We had gone about a mile when I saw the last of them. As I turned to assure myself that we were at last free of the pests I recognized my palsied old man as the last one to abandon the pursuit. He was the finest athlete in the bunch.

All of which goes to show that a good thing can be abused. Quotations are fine things with which to clinch an idea; but instead of the scripture text I should have thought of this: "A fool and his money is soon parted." You see, it's getting the quotation which really fits the case that is the important part. But don't forget that you'd better fight shy of beggars when you're away from home. Ninety-nine dollars out of every one hundred given carelessly is worse than wasted—it encourages worthlessness. If a man is hungry and destitute the best thing you can do for him is to give him some food and a job of work, but don't give him money.



## VIII

### "The Great God Bud."

**W**ELL, I guess you think I lack a great deal of telling you all about Colombo in particular and India in general, and you think about right. We were just a bunch of soldiers on the way to the Philippines, some of our number going over there to die in the rice paddies for Uncle Sam, and we had time to get but a glimpse of these interesting countries. But a man can see a great deal in a short time if he knows what to look for, and I believe our two days on the island of Ceylon were pretty well filled.

The museum at Colombo is one of the rarest treats of the place. There we saw specimens of the animal and bird and reptile life, many prehistoric relics, the minerals peculiar to the country as well as the products of the sea. In the center of one of the largest galleries was a massive stone lion roughly hewn from the solid rock. It was about twelve feet tall, fifteen feet long, and weighed many tons. These dimensions are guesses from memory, but they serve to show how this crude performance of primeval man impresses a stranger.

My crowd having some other desired objective I went to the Buddhist temple alone. It was situated on the edge of the fresh water lake, the shores of which were lined with shady palms and tropical vegetation in such luxuriant abundance as to make a very beautiful and restful sight. Out in the water huge elephants were at work carrying floating timbers to the shore.

I do not remember anything particularly striking about the temple except the image of Buddha with flower offerings in front of it at the entrance of the house. There were large rooms for the assembling of the worshippers. Met at the entrance by a priest who spoke good English, I was treated with the greatest courtesy. I showed him by my manner that I did not come to scoff or ridicule but told him that I was a stranger who had not the good fortune to know all I wanted to about the great Buddha. I also told him that I wanted to see where his people worshipped and to know what they believed.

Well, this fixed the old heathen, proper. He loosened up considerably and told me many things which I could not have heard elsewhere, and, better still, he answered all my questions. On parting he gave me some of the flowers from in front of his big doll of a Buddha which I pressed in my memorandum book and have preserved unto this very day.

One thing he said was a great surprise to me. He said that they did not BOW DOWN AND WORSHIP THE IMAGE! He said: "Buddha is a spirit but there is a greater spirit than he. We worship Buddha's spirit and the great spirit, but the statue is there in honor of Buddha to make this temple sacred to him and to constantly remind us of the noble sacrifice he made, in renouncing the earthly throne to which he was entitled, in order to study and teach his people Truth."

It was a pretty good speil for a bloomin' old heathen—Eh? Well, I had more surprises—a man who lives up to the Buddhist religion is a right good citizen! He loves truth, strictly regards duty, shuns insobriety, and teaches chastity, kindness and brotherly love. He believes that by overcoming his evil desires, covetousness and passions he will finally lose his individual existence and be absorbed into the great soul of Nirvana. This may be accomplished after many separate existences as man, bird or beast. They say existence entails unsatisfied desire and that the absence of all desire (nonenity) is the only desirable state.

Buddha was a grand character. He renounced a throne to seek Truth that he might teach men to live better and to attain happiness. He underwent cruel hardships and privations for many years, knowing all the time of the luxuries awaiting him at the home to which he was sorely tempted to return. And in his day the doctrine he preached was startlingly democratic. India was cursed with casts. There was no sympathy for the common people and no chance for them to rise. Buddha taught the brotherhood of man, and freed them.

But he did not say he was a god. This was invented by the priestcraft after his death in order that they might fatten upon the substance of the people. They added many fancy, technical doctrines, and Buddha's philosophy and science of right living became a false religion and a superstition.

But the system, though better than that which it displaced, is far from satisfying the longings of an energetic, enlightened people. It is a religion of death. It's object is to enable one to slink away into nothingness.

There is something so much higher than this that it makes you dizzy to think of it. It is this from the Nazarene: "I am the way, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE!" To come from Buddhism to Christianity is to come from darkness to light, from weakness to power, from despair to HOPE. The soul wants to fathom the mysteries of life, to rise, to explore, to KNOW. You want to approach the source of Life, to become bigger, better, grander—not to hide away and shirk and die. The Christian would control himself to give the spirit more power, the Buddhist would do the same in order to lose power.

A man may be judged by his idea of God, a people may be judged by their religion. Only an indolent race would adhere to Buddhism, while the vigorous manhood of the West could not be satisfied with less than Christianity. It is not the weak religion which causes India to be governed by the foreigner; but the religion and the lack of freedom are twin results of the lack of manly vigor.

I thanked the priest for his kindness, left him thinking I was just about to put in my application for the degrees and hit it up down the road behind my two footed horse who had taken a good nap while I was pow-wowin' in the temple. I just wondered what my good old Baptist mother would have said if she had seen me a nosein' around these curious religions and a-makin' eyes at old Buddha's idol. Gee, but she'd-a tanned my hide!

Skirting the shores we passed along in front of the luxurious bungalows of the rich. Native nabobs and English officials live in great style. The broad verandas, palm trees, walks, and flowers made a beautiful picture, and this sight came fully up to my expectations.

But somehow they didn't appeal to me as permanent abodes. A real

American likes to be about the size of his neighbors. This flattery from a bunch of black servants does not compare with the pleasure of going down street in old Waynesville and having all the fellows poking fun at you and calling you by your first name.

I joined the crowd and visited many other points of interest, among which were the Cinnamon Gardens and the Old Dutch Fort. The Indian jugglers also received a visit from us. We saw the tree growing and basket tricks which have received so much attention from literary travelers.

The two days of glorious wandering and more glorious dinners and extra feeds at the Galle Face hotel finally came to an end and it was "back to the woods" for your Uncle Dudley; but we looked fondly back as the "Sumner" pulled out and thought about it as "one more good time."

It was quite a disappointment to us that the ship did not stop at Singapore, but we had to hustle along. When urged to stop our Colonel intimated that we were drawing good pay every day and that the "Sumner" was not one of Cook's Touring Vessels. So it was the simple life for us and hot foot it for Manila, P. I., where the little black devils needed our kind attention.

[Manila next stop. Twenty minutes for dinner. Change cars for Illo Illo Zamboanga, Caloocan, Jolo, Malabang, and all points nearer the Bad Man's!]





## IX

### At Manila in the "Days of the Empire"

**A** MATTER of a few days at sea was neither here nor there to such seasoned old mariners as we were in the good year 1900 after we had passed through the straits of Malacca and hit it up for Manila. The island of Sumatra on the right and the Maylay peninsula on the left as we passed Singapore made a very fine picture and a friend's "what's Sum-matra with that view," as he pointed towards the island, would have delighted the hearts of all modern daffydill manufacturers.

In due time we passed into Manila Bay and sailed by the scene of Dewey's great victory. The white houses of Cavite were to our right and no doubt looked as strange to us as they did to Dewey's men on that noted 1st of May. Manila harbor is a very large one and a storm on it kicks up enough disturbance to make it desirable to have further protection for smaller craft. Dewey swept around in that place on May 1st, 1898, in great style. He "bearded the lion in his den," so to speak. The victory was a great one, the big guns were terrible, the big ships were awe inspiring; but the biggest things there that day were American courage and American brains. It was not what Dewey, did but what he WAS, that was great. It was the MAN who stood on the bridge of his flag ship and found that within him to signal "D—n the mines! Go ahead!" It takes courage to do that.

Uncle Sam has had some big men to fight for him. They just loved the old flag and they sailed right into the jaws of death, grappled with the enemy and made little things scatter. Old John Paul Jones was the first one and I'm thinking he was about as fine as the best. He took an old rotten tub or two right into the English channel, sailed up against some fine British ships and made 'em turn over the keys. He took supper that night in the cabin of the pick of the bunch. Commodore Perry was another one. He did pretty much the same thing on the Great Lakes. Decatur was another, and while you're on the subject, mark up a few dare devils of the Confederacy. Old man Dewey wasn't much when it came to politics, but when he was on the bridge he was one of the good 'uns.

We reached Manila about the first of June, 1900. This was what is now referred to in the service as "the Days of the Empire," and there's a little song the soldiers now sing when they sojourn in the Philippines which has a refrain something like this:

"Oh, 'twas not like this in the Old Days,  
In the Old Days,  
In the Old Days.

Oh, 'twas not like this in the Old Days—  
'Twas not like this at all."

Now that does not look as good as it sounds when sung to the swinging tune

to which it is set; but what I started out to say, before getting side tracked, was that in those days army officers were the real thing. Officers were scarce and captains usually commanded battalions while lieutenants had small posts, companies, and important civil assignments. We were sorely disappointed on our second tour, in 1903, when we found things entirely different—the “Days of the Empire” had passed forever, and we were little tin kings no longer.

But we were arriving on the first trip at this time and the “Old Days” were on in full blast. Manila was a new land indeed to me. The streets were crowded with Filipinos, Chinese, Japs, and a sprinkling of kindred dark skins, while Spaniards, Americans and Englishmen constituted the white contingent. The houses were low and bore a striking resemblance to those of the Spanish towns we visited near Gibraltar. The government buildings were of heavy masonry, so constructed for purposes of defense, but the dwellings of the upper classes were of lighter construction and for the most part of wood. Single walls were the rule with very large sliding windows—glass being used in those days only in store fronts. The natives and lower classes dwelled in bamboo structures with nipa walls and roofs—nipa being the matted leaves of the Nipa palms and similar tropical growths. The temporary army quarters near Manila and in the southern islands were of similar construction. Around the Spanish forts and heavier buildings the Americans would usually build light, airy houses of this native material.

These houses are very nice for those who like that sort of thing, you know, but I confess that I’d rather have some walls around me which a house cat can’t walk through. .

I can not fully describe Manila as it should be described; and if I could I would not, for it has been done so often and so much better than I can do it. Were I to describe minutely every board, rock and nail, I could not describe the great, invisible Manila—the spirit of the East. It’s like being in another world. The spicy smells, the easy luxury, the dependance upon servants, the difference in customs, attitude, everything goes to make the enchanting atmosphere of “the East”—a something which runs through every line of Kipling, sometimes hilarious, sometimes weird, sometimes restful and always inspiring, but ever the indescribable “East.” No words can fix it. It’s just a feeling and you can’t get it until you go there; and you can’t bring it back with you. It is like the curries and the mangustines. You can not bring the ingredients of the former to this country and make the real curry, and you can not put the mangustines on cold storage and bring them. They don’t keep. They lose their spirit when you take them from their native heath. Indeed, I almost include Kipling in the list of non-transportable joys of the tropics, for one who has not seen “the dawn come up like thunder outer China crost the bay” or seen

“Elephants a-pilin’ teak  
In the sludgy, squidgy creek,  
When the silence ’ung that ’eavy  
You wuz ’alf afraid to speak”

can fully appreciate the great poet who has caught the symphony of the East and woven it around his printed words.

When we arrived the 29th Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, was stationed

near the city, and that afternoon at the Oriente Hotel I saw, for the first time in nearly a year, a face which I had seen before I entered the army. A captain in that regiment, Edward Hill, Concord, N. C., and a college mate of mine, was the first man I met. I also met some officers from Alabama of whom I had heard much from mutual friends. But the crowning surprise of the day was when I turned a corner on a street filled with jabbering natives and gesticulating Spaniards and ran right into a youngster with whom I had chunked hornets nests, stolen apples, and teased cats many and many a time—it was Harley B. Ferguson, then First Lieutenant of Engineers, U. S. Army. To me it was just old "Black Baz" (his nickname at school); and, I tell you, we were glad to meet up with each other.

But you need not think, because he was just a youngster that Harley B. wasn't "some pumpkins" even at that early day. He had returned from the campaign in the North where he had made quite a reputation on General Bates' staff, and was then assigned to very important work on the staff of the Commander of the Division of the Philippines. Since that time Major Ferguson has accomplished big things and is acknowledged to be one of the foremost engineers of the world on account of the splendid achievement of raising the Maine in Havana harbor. Harl had the quarters which had been vacated by a Brigadier General, a carriage and pair of horses, and a couple of the niftiest negro servants I saw at all.

Well, he sent the coons up for my trunk and chased me out to his palace, and we had a high old time for a week. I reported at once at Division Headquarters and received my order to proceed by the first available transportation to Jolo, Island of Jolo, P. I., where my regiment was stationed. The ship would not sail for a week, so we put in the time to best advantage.

In Manila society takes a promenade on the Lunetta just as the sun goes down. This is a circular driveway out beside the waters of the bay, with the band stand in the middle and little walks running through and across. The pretty Senioritas drive out with their mammas, the band plays and the officers in white uniforms and swagger sticks just saunter around, don't y' know, and stand by the carriages and hand 'em taffy an' things. The army girls and their mammas were there too, and if you think the Senioritas had any advantage you've guessed wrong.

Harley B. took me over and introduced me around. Some could talk United States and some couldn't—those who couldn't made some mighty sweet little signs, and it didn't take many passes before I could land here and there with a word or two of "Pigeon Spanish." I had been studying it but couldn't always recognize the spelling from what they would SAY. But a pair of flashing brown eyes, full of life and joy and innocence, is a pretty good language instructor in a general way, and a fellow never objects to learning from such books. So your Uncle Dudley did right well for a beginner.

There's a great deal in the kind of "front" one puts up. If you go up against a proposition like that stammering and turning red, you'll lose out. But if you take it easy and hand 'em the best Dago you've got and assume an air of its-up-to-you-to-know-English-anyway they will think it's extremely nice of you to be able to do as well as you do.

But we kept on going and when I finally met a dainty little thing who

could talk "mountain white," I put my foot up on the spoke and rattled off the Queen's English till it made me dizzy. Could we come to dinner? Well, I guess yes! And would we attend the dance in the pavillion by the moonlit sea? Me for the dance—with both feet! A launch party to Cavite and back after supper? Uncle Dudley would be pleased! Oh, we hatched up all kinds of fun, and that week went before you could say "scat."

These little creatures were just as pretty and refined and dainty as their blue blooded Spanish and American ancestors would have them; and I am not one to criticise those whose delightful company I enjoyed so much, nor would I intimate that they were lacking in the sterling qualities so much desired of womanhood. Our acquaintance was short, and I saw them only when on social pleasures bent; so I know nothing of the serious side of their lives. But at this time, and at all other times, I have considered it a great pity that many beautiful women look upon society as the chief end of existence.

The idea of God's creatures doing nothing and enjoying themselves on the fruits of the labor of others is exceedingly repulsive. Woman is not a plaything for man. She has her talents, her brains and an immortal spirit, which should aspire as high and strive as hard as her brothers. Women should not be brought up with the idea that they must be idlers and cowards in order to qualify themselves to reign in the homes of the sons of the "best families." We should cut out requiring our sisters to shy at a calf when met in the road or blush and feel uncomfortable when accused of doing something useful.

Merely making one's own living is selfish enough, for there is so much that can be done for others and for humanity; but when one does not even that, but wastes the precious talents of life, beauty and brains, it's a crime in the sight of God and man. Men enjoy the smiles of the butterflies, but those with sense and a due regard for their future welfare marry the other kind.

When at last we boarded the measley little boat that took us to the southern islands I had a sort of a hankerin' to stay at Manila. It looks pretty close on the map, but Jolo is as far from Manila as Cuba is from New York, and it took us six long days to get there.





## X

### In the Sultan's Country

**W**E made the trip from Manila to Jolo (pronounced Holo, the same being Sulu in the native tongue) on the Boutuan, a little inter-island steamer operated by a Spanish company styling itself *Compania Maritima* (Maritime Company.) The Boutuan was a jim-dandy-lolla! The cockroaches were the largest known and the vile smells which that boat could produce were the wonder of the scientific world. We got out our army cots and blankets and slept on deck. She looked like a little black tub beside the "Sumner." The grub was rocky, but we tipped the cook and got a few American dishes on the side and got along fairly well when we had starved a day or two and could get our minds off the cracked ice and beef roasts of that floating palace of luxury—the "Sumner." We had not fully appreciated the many luxuries and comforts of the transport—some of our bunch even grumbled, at times. But it was many a long day before we enjoyed such fine things again. On we went in our little pig pen. Three days brought us to Cebu where we landed and looked about a little. It seemed that we were nearing the very end of the earth. It was wild and strange, crude and savage, hot and comfortless. Home, did you say? Home! Twelve thousand miles away—the soles of our shoes were facing towards old Carolina. Home was on the opposite side of the earth with a planet in between, and it would take a good six weeks for a letter to reach our loved ones. Do you think that don't eat a little hole in a youngster's heart? Well, try it and see. Many a poor boy died in the Philippines from home sickness, pure and simple. For just one whiff of a Balsam breeze from the Blue Ridge I would have given half my life. I could not realize that it would be possible for me ever to get back. I would think of the long, long trip to Gibraltar, to Suez, to India, and it seemed a whole life-time since we left Sandy Hook and bade farewell to "God's country."

And while I'm on the subject I want to tell you something: It's worth staying over there two years and eatin' your heart out, just to feel for two minutes as I did when we started back. More than a year later I stood on the bridge deck of the Transport "Buford." The men of the 23rd Infantry were grouped about on the big, white deck below. The last load had come from the shore. The palm trees of Zamboanga were gradually receding in the moonlight which sparkled on the beautiful, beautiful water as the anchor was being slowly drawn in. The big whistle gave three rumbling bellows and the band played "Home Sweet, Sweet Home." I stood there in the moonlight and the tears rolled down my cheeks. Sweetheart, Mother, dear ones,—I was really going to them at last! My feet did not seem to touch the deck. I was swimming in the air. Never, never can I be half so happy until I reach that city beyond the skies where there are no more sorrows and privations and tears. The band then struck up "Climbing up the Golden Stairs" and my hair—literally and actually—stood on end. The big ship rushed through the waters

and the engines throbbed as the Mindanao mountains gradually sunk into the bosom of the ocean. The groups of soldiers lessened and the broad decks were finally deserted, but I did not want to sleep. It was out under the stars for your Uncle Dudley, for the soul was singing a song which he felt that they alone could understand—the song of the exile going home—back to old Haywood, to the towering Balsams, the shimmering Pigeon and the laughing waters of the Richland!

But we must get back to the measley little Boutuan. That going home business was far ahead, nor would I have mentioned it so soon but for the striking contrast of the two occasions. It was the difference between despair and happiness. And, of a truth, the vague realization of what the joy of the home going would be was a stimulant to me in many an hour of loneliness and discouragement, just as the thought of a happier and better existence inspires and encourages the weary traveler over life's rugged road.

But the Boutuan moved on through the calm seas and the sun set in those beautiful panoramas which mountains, light clouds, and ocean together can produce. The big fish sported along, sometimes in front, sometimes astern, while we surveyed the prospect with our glasses and waited to be delivered from our small and disagreeable prison. We were a gloomy lot—a captain and two lieutenants constituting our immediate party; for, as Cebu was so strange and savage, we expected Jolo to be much more so.

But the darkest hour is said to be just before day, and so it was in our case. When the little walled city of Jolo finally hove in sight we could hardly believe our eyes. It was a picture—a pocket edition of a painting of a Medieval City, with its walls and its towers. Jolo is indeed a miniature affair, covering about ten acres, but it is the most picturesque little doll house on the face of the earth. Nestling on the edge of the waters with the stone wharf running far out, its sentry towers, its tiny parks, and white walls, its old buildings and it's crowded streets, one is fascinated by it on sight. On either side of this tiny little city and outside the walls extended the native villages of Tulai and Bus Bus. As we looked from the harbor, old Tumentangen, one of the tallest mountains of the island, rose from immediately behind the town and seemed to stand out as a great, strong protector to his little sister in the valley. The "Peak of Tears" is said to be it's name, but that may be but the poetic imagination of one George A. Herbst, one time 2nd Lieutenant in the best regiment in the world—the 23rd Infantry.

No sooner had the Boutuan dropped anchor than a boat put out from shore. An elderly man with long side whiskers came aboard and we hurried to the gangway to meet him, the captain in our party saluting, introducing himself, and presenting us. The visitor was Major Owen J. Sweet, then commanding our regiment. He was glad to see us, as the 23rd was no exception to the rule in those days, being very short on officers. We were anxious to make a good impression on the "Old Man," as the commanding officer is styled by his subordinates, sometimes in sincere affection and sometimes otherwise, but always behind his back. Surely none of us had cause to complain for the "Old Man" as well as our brother officers received us with the glad hand and made us feel welcome. They had a fine club in the house of Tiana, the rich Chinaman who was in his native land for a year, and we joined

with them in the pleasures as well as the labors of the regiment.

Captain Croxton, the senior of our party, commanded his company for a few weeks and was sent further south to command the post of Bongao, the most southernly station in the Philippines and only a day's sail from Sandakan, Borneo. Lieutenant Armstrong, who had been with me since we left Columbus Barracks, was assigned to a company in my battalion, while I joined "H" company under First Lieutenant Ovenshine. Ovenshine got my equation at once, saw my good points and my deficiencies; and, by the exercise of a little consideration and tact on his part, I was soon perfectly at home in the performance of all my duties. I was extremely fortunate, however, in having such a kind and considerate gentleman for my first company commander.

Such treatment as I received from Lieutenant Ovenshine, Captain Nichols, Captain Lee Febiger, Captain Samuel Seay, Jr., Lieutenant Howard Lauback, Captain Billie Sage, the Regimental Adjutant, Captain Dick Croxton, and Captain "Syd" Cloman, can not be forgotten. Sure, we had our little spats. After I learned to do things about as well as the others, I did the usual thing—got a little fresh. Just a bit "chesty," you know, and inclined to be fully as large as a Captain, simply because I made no awkward blunders on parade and was treated by them as an equal at the club. However, that was nothing new to them. They knew to the hour just when the first symptoms would appear, and were prepared to hand out a gentle little take-down. I let the first few pass and it had to be a bump, but when I did drop to the idea that a second lieutenant was one grade lower than official dog-pelter I was "on, proper." I saw that it would not look well, even if I were possessed with the brains and experience, to butt in before the ink on my commission was dry and tell 'em how to run the regiment.

The unusually greater responsibilities which devolved upon young officers had an unusual tendency to make us "feel our oats," and this is one reason why the older fellows let us down so easy. But when I once got my proper size to memory I was all right, and the captains said (behind my back) that I was a "pretty good kid"—that is, after I had taken my medicine and they observed the effect. They don't object, in the army, to your making mistakes. They know a youngster must learn. But the SAME MISTAKE TWICE don't go. When they tell you once, you'd better remember. If you don't you'll get the livin' tar "jumped" out of you and you'll be wanting to crawl under a brick bat and hide.

The difference between things social and official is the first and most important lesson for a young officer. After a lieutenant gets this into his head, he has a much easier time. He must lay low for a few weeks, get "taken down" a few times, then show his seniors that they can treat him like a white man without having him slap them on the back and call them by their first names—after that it's all right. Captain Sage can then take a cool drink, play a game of cards, or go hunting with Lieutenant Dudley, with mutual enjoyment. The lieutenant is invited to the captain's house and the relations are the same as among gentlemen anywhere, except that the senior should always be shown the little marks of respect due to seniors in age as well as rank.

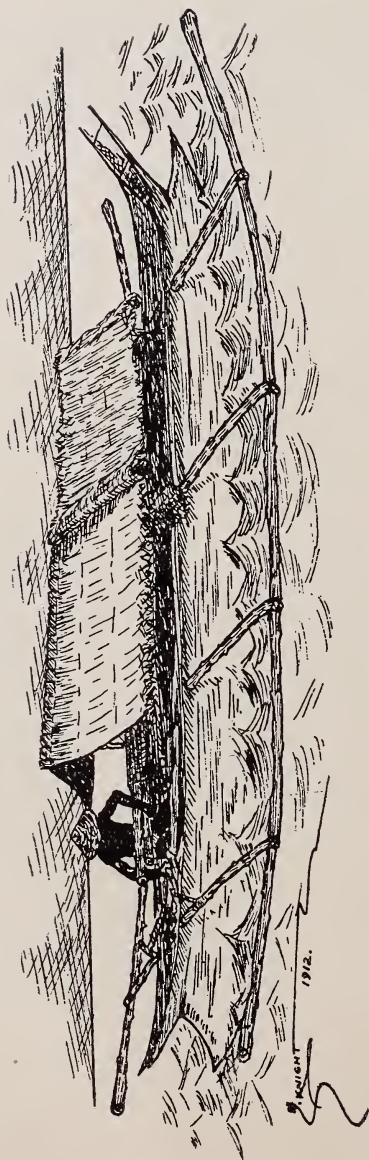
But the official status never changes. At drill, on parade, in the office,

or elsewhere in the performance of military duties the formalities of saluting, maintaining silence until addressed, and using the "Sir," are never to be omitted. A youngster must remember that he was dining with "his friend the captain" the evening before, but NOW he is making his official report to, or receiving orders from, his SUPERIOR, THE CAPTAIN.









Sulu and Mindanao Sea-going Vinta

## XI

### The Smell of Powder

**W**HILE on the engrossing subject of Manila, I omitted to touch upon the very point which would have been the subject of your question had I given you the opportunity of asking one: Where was Aguinaldo and were the boys doing any fighting? Well, the fact is, we reached there between periods of hostility. General Bates had just given Aguinaldo and his insurrectos the chase of their lives and the gallant leader of the brown skins was off in the woods trying to recover his breath. There was a little fighting here and there back in the provinces by companies and squads, but many of the regular and volunteer regiments were, at that time, stationed at or near Manila, Illo Illo, Zamboanga, and other large posts. The islands were divided into departments and districts, the commanders having the authority of civil governors as well as military commanders. Each of these solved his own problems of keeping order and establishing a provisional government as circumstances permitted and the Governor General and Commander of the Division of the Philippines directed. At that time, all possible means, consistent with proper dignity, was resorted to in the hope of pacifying and bringing about better feeling. The Philippines had entered upon another epoch. They were soon to learn the difference between American government and Spanish management for revenue only. Aguinaldo got busy again in about a year, and was finally captured by General Funston; but he lost prestige when General Bates gave him such a chase, and never regained his former power and strong following.

However, I had little to do with Filipinos and their affairs. As I said before, Southern Mindanao, the Jolo, Siassi, and Bongao groups, are far from Manila, and of my four years total service in the Islands, I spent just one week and two days in Manila. We were with an entirely different people—different in language, customs, religion and disposition. The Moros inhabit all of the country mentioned above. They are Mahommedans and hate the Catholic Filipino worse than the Devil hates holy water. They are more savage, more cruel, and more inclined to piracy. There are many distinct tribes, languages and religions in the Islands, but the Moro and the Filipino are the principal peoples. With few exceptions the other tribes are related to these two. Filipino settlements extend into the Moro country, but these are always in the vicinity of the old Spanish forts. The Filipino appears to be a kinsman of the Jap and the Malay while the Moro is more closely related to the fierce tribes of Northern Africa—a descendant of the Moors. Yes, he's a combination of Moor, Malay, tiger, wildcat, skunk and nitro glycerine!

Owing to the custom which the Moros have of filing their teeth concave, chewing betel nut with unslacked lime and red gum, and otherwise blacking their teeth, one can hardly say whether they are as well appearing people as their neighbors, or not. But some of the Filipino women, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, are beautiful. They have large brown eyes, white teeth,

clear olive skin, and luxuriant, straight, black hair. Most of the beauties, however, are of Spanish descent.

It may be because he had more opportunity, but the Filipino has taken far better advantage of the benefits of civilization than have the fiercer dwellers of the Southern Islands. They were not so difficult to subdue. In the developed sections near the cities they accepted Christianity and adopted the Spanish language and customs. Spaniards married into the leading families during the last century, and a native aristocracy arose. Many of them are very rich and entertain their friends in great style.

But when you go to see the "Big Chief" in the Moro country you will sit on a straw mat and be surrounded by big knives, spears, tom-toms, bright colors, brass ornaments and other various and sundry settings of savage opulence and grandeur. They will bring you some chocolate fudge, some sweet cakes and cocoanut water, and finish you up with big, black cigarettes. If they thought you would indulge, you would also get in on the betel nut; but, if you'll take my advice, you will say, "nix on the betel, old boy. I'm on the wagon."

After spending a few weeks in my fine quarters on a shady street in the little city of Jolo, it came my turn to command the line of block houses which extend about a mile outside the walls in the three landward directions. My headquarters was at the Princess Asturias, which was itself a little fort, with good, high walls and plenty of loop holes through which to fire at attacking savages. On top of the walls were broken glass and spikes, set in cement, to prevent hostile invasion from that quarter. We had thirty men here. Number two was about one quarter of a mile from this and garrisoned by fifteen men. Number three was the same distance beyond with the same sized guard. These were connected by a shady path through the cocoanut trees. I had two fine ponies and plenty of time on my hands. I made an inspection of each block house during the day and once at night. It was my duty to come up quietly at unexpected hours and see if the sentinels were keeping a sharp lookout. "Something was said" to the man on guard when I was not met with a ringing "Halt!"

That trip through the black night was no fun, I tell you. I was a bit too proud to detail a man to go with me; but when alone I realized the ease with which a waiting savage could slice off my curly locks just under the collar button. I had my six shooter fastened with a leather thong passed around my neck, so that it would not get wrested from me in a scrimmage. When riding through those thickets I was always looking out and ready for trouble. But a youngster soon becomes accustomed to danger, and after a few nights I found myself actually wishing a small sized native would try to get my goat. This is the way it starts, then a fellow gets careless, and then (it often happened) a little Americano gets it where Maggie wore the beads. But it didn't happen to your Uncle Dudley, or he would not be spinning this yarn.

One morning before the new had fairly worn off my new assignment I saw the old man's orderly come galloping up to my fort in a way that impressed me with the idea that there was something doing. I made it convenient to be out in front so as to get the news. "Sir, the commanding officer presents his compliments to Lieutenant Dudley and wishes to see him at headquarters,"



said the smart looking young soldier after dismounting, getting his heels squarely together and saluting.

"Very well," I replied, "present Lieutenant Dudley's compliments to the Commanding Officer and say that he will be there in a few minutes."

But he didn't get to "present the compliments," for my pony was ready, and I got there first. It might be a "jumping" for something amiss at the furthest block house; and so I wanted to get it over with. Again, it might be some field service. It gets pretty tiresome to sit at the officers, mess week in and week out and hear them discuss this and that "hot little scrap" when one has never smelt powder. It's like being a lawyer without a case, or a doctor without a patient. I was nothing more or less than a tenderfoot and nothing but the cold, unearthly shriek of a hostile bullet could put me on terms of equality with my brethren. So it was that I was fairly sizzling to get my carcass shot at by a heathen; though, to be perfectly frank with you, I hoped he wouldn't be a very good shot and that I'd see him first.

Sure enough it WAS trouble, and the Old Man was going to take our Company! Ovenshine had asked for me to be relieved at the block houses in order to go. We had over 100 men in our Company, and it was a daisy! Captain Stevens with "B" Company was also in the bunch with Lieutenant Harry Howland attached. There was trouble at the village of Parang, several miles below Jolo by water. The Sultan had gone to Singapore and the Rajah Mudah (the next in authority) would not take action in punishing a large band of pirates. Pang Lima Dammon and his whole village were suspected of being in sympathy with the culprits who were defying everything in sight. They had committed several horrible butcheries and the offenses could not be overlooked.

Well, we got aboard the Bolinao, twin sister to the Boutuan, and went down there. The Rajah Mudah and his diplomats came aboard and yapped and pow-wowed, and would do nothing. The Old Man finally got peevisish and told us to "smoke 'em out."

Well now, when the soldiers heard moving orders and began to tighten up their belts and grab their rifles it looked a bit serious. The Spanish Captain of the boat had been blustering and bragging about what he would do and how the Spaniards would lick the Moros, etc., but when the men got to filling their magazines with ball cartridges and orders commenced flying around he turned white as a sheet and was half scared to death. I just felt a little "feelin'" in my mouth like something metallic was there and felt a faint desire to see the Balsams and Richland Creek and Mother just once more, you know.

Captain Stevens and Howland got their Company into the boats and put out quick. Ovenshine took half of our Company and went with him. They landed and advanced a firing line and the boats were back for us in a jiffy. My platoon was to constitute the support and was to follow up as rapidly as possible. We fairly fell into the boats and hustled along. Meantime the others had landed, turned to the left through the crowded village and passed on into the heavy growth. Before we got to the shore the rifles were popping.

That first uncomfortable feeling worried me. I didn't shake it off as quickly as I thought I should. But when I stepped into the boat and realized that I was commanding that fine bunch of real men, and remembered

that my father was a soldier and that a Dudley had never shied at a bullet yet, I got myself together as quick as a wink. I felt proud of the fact that they were looking to me to lead them. It occurred to me that then was the time to "deliver the goods" and I decided to do it if I got peppered as full of holes as a milk sifter.

The crowd of natives had closed in as our firing line passed out of sight, and we were in more danger than the larger force. I was looking for a flank or rear attack from behind the huts. Spinggg! Splash! Pow! they went; but I was so busy figuring out the way we would go that I didn't even have time to smell 'em. We bounced out into waist deep sea water and, using the boats as a screen, pushed them ahead of us. When we got to shallow water I bounded out in front and yelled "forward!" I dropped a squad to the right and rear and we ran around to the left of the crowd, keeping near enough to the houses to take cover in case they opened fire.

A fellow hates to get himself in good shape like that and not have a real fight, but that was our fate. We got on the line on time and things were in apple pie order, but the pirates took to the woods after firing a few shots. We sent out some natives and had the ring leaders brought in. When they saw us get busy the villagers turned against the folks who had brought on the trouble. The prompt action of our commander saved big trouble and loss of life.

But there was considerable satisfaction about it, anyway; for we had been under fire and my little bunch had faced a very serious situation—and had done it in a way that brought strong commendation from the Old Man, who was watching us through his field glasses. I knew, deep down in my heart, that I would be able to stand without being hitched when trouble was floating, and that I would be able to work my thinker when it was most needed. Better still, the men of my company, in the many little ways which soldiers have of letting one know, made me feel that they thought I was something more than a "tenderfoot." Had I fought a battle? That's a question for you.

Since that good day, whenever I hear a bully brag and bluster, I think of that Spanish boat captain. And I noted afterwards in real fights that the barrack bully is the fellow who flinches under fire. On starting into battle on one occasion Senator Zeb Vance saw a rabbit running towards the rear. Said he: "Go it, Molly Cottontail! If it wasn't a little matter of reputation, I'd be right with you!" The man don't live, unless he's a freak, who enjoys walking into a patch of bullets. The blamed things have no eyes and they simply don't give a whoop! Fight shy of them, sonny; but, if it's your duty to shake hands with 'em, remember your honor and keep an eye on the old flag. You can do it all right if you'll make up your mind. But if you start out thinking it's easy, and that you're going to eat 'em up, and that it will just come natural, you might, possibly, catch yourself running like the very Devil. Anyway, do your bragging after it's over.





The Military Governor of Siassi, Dattos and attendants. Amul Husan seated on the right.



## XII

### Little Tin Kings of The Islets

**S**HORTLY after the Parang excursion I was detached from the Company and sent to the post of Siassi, about fifty miles south of Jolo in another group of islands. I was sent to relieve a second lieutenant who had been severely wounded and who did not entirely recover until he was sent back to the states. The post was commanded by Captain Samuel Seay, Jr., a native of Tennessee. I was detailed as Post Adjutant, Commissary, Quartermaster, Engineer Officer, and Summary Court. Now, each one of these assignments is supposed to go to a separate officer; but the "Days of the Empire" had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Oh yes, we were big frogs in a little puddle, but we had to pay for it, all right. I simply changed labors at stated times of the day for my rest.

The good clerks were all at regimental headquarters—that's always the case. The Captain Quartermasters, the Regimental Adjutants, and the Regimental Commissaries are the folks who have the clerks; but one measley lieutenant having six men's work to do had to take raw material and work it up, being very careful not to mention the fact when the soldier became sufficiently proficient to tell a ration return from a bundle of ramrods. There was no way of cutting down the work, either; for the commissary and quartermaster duties of supplying anywhere from sixty to two hundred men carried thousands of dollars of financial responsibility. The vouchers must be made out "just so," and every penny, every potato, and every nail must be accounted for and reported each month.

During the first month I worked from six in the morning to eleven at night, retiring at that hour to dream of accounts current, issue bacon, ball cartridges, laundry soap, special orders, and hard tack. After that, the clerks detailed from the Company and detachment became sufficiently familiar with the papers to make the duplicates from my originals. From that point we progressed until they could perform the duties of commissary and quartermaster sergeants and sergeants major in a reasonably satisfactory manner. Then I cut down my working hours to ten, struck against myself and made it nine and a half.

But it was good medicine. I simply HAD to "deliver the goods." If the commissaries had been over issued and checked short it would have been taken out of my pay. I did not want to lose the money and I could not afford to have charges for neglect against my record. True, I had a good excuse, but excuses don't go in the army.

Notwithstanding the fact that so much clerical work seemed to impose great hardship on us, I could see the necessity therefor. Some call it "red tape," considering so much duplicating and exactness in the matter of vouchers unnecessary; but after considerable experience in such matters I am of the

opinion that the greater part of the work was necessary. The entire military system is so ordered as to enable responsibility and accountability to be traced and determined with considerable accuracy. The system of correspondence and endorsements, whereby the original letter and all remarks thereon by all parties concerned in a particular matter are kept together, is a saver of time and promoter of clearness not equaled in other business systems.

However, as my organization became more efficient, I had more and more time to enjoy my many dignities. As commissary and quartermaster, I was ace high with the Chinamen who sold us beef and wood. Would Senior "Teniente" accept these few little, insignificant pearls? or these few bottles of wine?—or this, that, and the other? No, Senior couldn't. Though he greatly desired them, he was not to be bought with fifty dollars worth of trinkets. This is an attitude which the good natured and obliging Chinaman can not understand.

As civil governor, Captain Seay had authority over the group of islands consisting of Tapul, Lugus, Lopac and Siassi, friend Croxton being kniglet of the Tawi-tawi group to the south. The Dattos (chiefs) came to us with their troubles and controversies. As Adjutant, I had many duties in this connection, varying from attendance at a wedding in savage high life to settling small sized wars and arresting Dattos. Often we would get the sixty foot launch from Jolo and make official visits to the several subdivisions of our kingdom. When Captain Seay was away I had the whole thing on my hands—then I was "His Royal Nibs" beyond all contradiction.

But there's still another side—the sailing, riding and hunting. The Moro boat is a curious contrivance, but it's the swiftest thing on the water when sailing before the wind. The bamboo pieces running paralld to the small shell boat and attached rigidly thereto enables it to carry an astonishing amount of canvas without capsizing, and the arrangement dispenses with the water resistance with which a large, solid boat has to contend. I bought a small boat, just large enough for me and two little Moros. We rigged her up "all same Americano," and put a nine inch keel on the bottom. This enabled me, with the assistance of my little brown sailors, to go right into the teeth of the wind. It was a new trick to them. They knew a sampan or a saupit (large boats) could do it, but never before had a vinta cut such didos. It was not long, however, until we had many immitators, which made us proud of our great achievement. But the vinta of the old type, with its enormous figured sail and its tom-tom in the rear, is a beautiful sight. It has your fancy yachts down and out. On big days they came in fleets of ten and twenty. The big, many colored sails would puff out with the breeze, the water would curl and the spray fly in the making of a picture that can not be duplicated away from the haunts of these children of the waves.

Back of Siassi is a broad plain intersected with good pony paths. In the center of the island, Siassi Peak towers several hundred feet above the sea. Billie was my favorite pony, and jumping ten feet sideways was his favorite accomplishment. Once Billie jumped a bit too quick for me, jerking me to the side of his neck, which I encircled with my arms. This let my feet drop and all I had to do was to go down under Billie's front feet, which he planted

squarely on my breast as he made a spring to get clear. He kicked me in the head as he passed over. The fact that he was an unshod native pony saved my life. As it was, there was no ill feeling; for I got on Billie and we had it out, then and there. It's the only way to do, be it horse or woman or child. Don't let them think you will make concessions to avoid a "fuss." If a row must happen, have it out right now. It makes my blood run cold to see a parent give a child trinkets to make it quit crying or whining. Something less injurious to the youngster, like cutting it's throat or throwing it in a well, is recommended. Our laws exact grave penalties for killing the body of a human being, but parents are killing the souls and blighting the lives of their offspring every day, while nothing can be done about it.

Our islands were blessed with abundant game. Kerlew were plentiful along the beach, while plover and ducks were not at all scarce. We had many fine hunts.

I made occasional visits to Jolo during the latter part of the Siassi sojourn. On one occasion I tried making the distance in a vinta with a crew consisting of one Filipino, who spoke Spanish, and two Moros. I could speak a very little Spanish, while the Filipino was the interpreter as between the Moros and me. The course led along the shores of Tapui and Lugus, then twenty miles across the open sea, and along the Jolo coast. We got in the "tide rip" in the open sea and barely escaped drowning. It was a close call. We were driven into Parang, and were compelled to walk across the island of Jolo. This was something that had not been done before by a lone American or Spaniard. The Moros stayed with the boat and one was murdered that night.

Now this little foot journey was the most thrilling experience of my life. The way I smiled and looked pleasant, on the several occasions when we were not able to avoid a bunch of the little brown brethren, would have put an ordinary ward politician to shame. Here was another place where it was necessary to put up a "front." The slightest indication of uneasiness on my part would have turned your Uncle Dudley's toes to the ceiling. I simply acted as if I were there as a matter of course.

Every Moro carries a huge knife. Some of these have large ivory handles and are very handsome. It appeals to the owner's pride when the weapon excites admiration. On this occasion we were cornered by six of the ugliest looking scoundrels I ever saw. I was playing my part as usual, but it did not seem to take. Two of them persisted in standing behind me as we jabbered through the Filipino, who could not always make intelligent interpretation. Well, I had to convince them, and that quickly; so I let them stand at my back without making a single pass to move to one side—but you may rest assured that I was looking the others in the eyes. In imagination I could feel all kinds of knives between my shoulder blades, but as the faces of those in front did not indicate any unusual manifestations, I kept right on smiling and jabbering. Noting the handsome knife of the one who appeared to be the leader, I told him in substance that it was quite the most exquisite weapon I had ever beheld and that if he would take it to Jolo on the morrow I would give him fifty dollars in gold. Moros are great on a trade. They like to parley and pow-wow, asking twice what they are willing to take and gradually coming down. My Filipino explained that I had no gold with me—I was very

CAREFUL to have him repeat that. We finally struck a bargain at \$100 for the knife, the same to be delivered on our arrival in Jolo. They would, they said, go along with us!

That's the way it happens that I'm now writing these things down as pleasant memories. It was entirely by accident that I fell upon this scheme, but it was a winner. I had made it to the interest of these cut throats to see that I continued to live. They knew full well that if they allowed us to pass on there would be no white headed "Americano" at Jolo to pay for that knife. This I realized afterwards, though I was perfectly confident at the time that I could take my six shooter and go it alone. There might have been a small chance for me, but the Filipino would have had about as much show as a spring chicken at a Methodist conference.

The word had been passed along, the moment we landed, and there were two parties laying for us. The bunch we fell in with were the Sultan's men, and the others let them pass, thinking, no doubt, that they would make away with us with hot irons or by some other fantastic and highly artistic style.

I was quite sure that I could not afford that \$100 knife, but the way to get out of it was the question. I thought of a dozen ways, but they seemed too cheap. The journey took the greater part of the day, and I gradually acquired the knowledge of the real situation—through stray bits of conversation caught by the Filipino. Then I decided to attempt no tricks, but to give my guardmen as much as I could for their very valuable services. On reaching my one time headquarters, the Princess Asturias, I gave the men each a five dollar gold piece and told them I had decided not to buy the knife until later.

They seemed well pleased, since the coin looked good and yellow to them, and I doubt if they really knew the difference between what they got and the \$100, anyway. Getting the money and being allowed to keep the knife seemed to them like taking candy from the children.

Two years later, when we were fighting with Pang Lina Hassan, and the 14th Cavalry, the 21st and 23rd Infantry were camped outside of Jolo, I could hardly convince my friends that I had made this journey. Entre nous, I deserved no credit for such a hazardous undertaking, for it was a case of "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."







AN OFFICIAL VISIT.—Sultan of Sulu seated beneath the umbrella. Officers from left to right: Captain Seay, D. E. Fee, Lieut. Dudley, Lieut. Merry, Dr. Tenny.

## XIII

### The Sultan's People

THOSE who know both the Moro and Filipino say that the former has the advantage in the matter of energy, mentality and sterling qualities. We are too prone to remember the ferocious acts of the murderer and forget the many acts of generosity and trustworthiness of the better class. We remember the cunning in enterprises of violence and pillage and disregard the manifestations, crude though they be, of inventive genius, industry and fidelity to faith.

These people have farms and domestic animals. They fish, and dive for pearls. They weave beautiful mats, baskets and hats, raise hemp, coffee, sugar, rice, tapioca and many other products. They plant and maintain cocoa-nut groves, gathering and drying the fruit into copra for marketing. Bananas and the famous Manila hemp also receives extensive attention, while lemons, limes, papuyas and duriennes are some of the fruits which flourish in the Moro country.

We found our native Moro police zealous, efficient and trustworthy. Many of the Dattos were good men. On the island of Tapul dwelt Datto Amul Hussan, whom I found to be as just, sincere and reliable as any civilized man I ever met. He wanted to learn better methods of farming so that he could teach his people. He wanted to send his sons to school in order that they might be wise leaders. I was much interested in this man and enjoyed many long and profitable conversations with him. I offered to take his youngest son to America and put him in school, but the boy's mother and brothers could not bear to have him leave. They said he would die.

When we left Siassi, Amul Hussan came many miles in his gayly decorated vinta in order to bid us adieu. He was clad in gold, pearls and ivory from head to foot and his body servant bore in front an ivory handled barong as a parting gift to me. This beautiful knife is now one of my most cherished possessions. It reminds me of a real man, but it saddens me to think of what his people lost by the fate which prevented Amul Hussan from becoming educated. That I gained his friendship and confidence is a pleasing thought. I have heard since then that subsequent commanders at Jolo thought Amul Hussan treacherous, but I am confident that if those commanders had known him as I did they would have appealed to the better side of this savage and secured a valuable friend.

The Sultan (no less a personage that His Majesty, Mahommed Jamalol Kiran) made us several visits. His Royal Nibbs came in his state vinta, bearing himself and two of his favorite better halves. We called and pow-wow'd and he returned our calls in very correct and dignified fashion. He gave us gifts of flags and knives. Clad in his state suit, consisting of a dress suit (except the vest was high cut,) yellow carpet slippers and a fez, he did us the

honor of sitting for a group picture. Royal Kiran is all right in a way. His savage dignity becomes him and he is really harmless. He is more of a religious than a temporal ruler, for his dattos are more or less independent, according to the number of knives and rifles controlled by each. His principal revenue is the right to take "Sultan pearls" and the \$135 per month received from the United States by treaty.

Speaking of pearls, there are "Sultan pearls," "Datto pearls," and pearls which the rightful owner may retain. If they are above a certain size the Sultan gets them by right of the state. If they are of medium size they go to the Datto. To find one of these official pearls and conceal the fact is an offense punishable with death. Moros can dive, without the assistance of paraphernalia, to astonishing depths for the big oysters which contain the precious gems. Some say they can go down seventy feet, but this seems impossible. These shells when polished are almost as beautiful as the pearls, and are sold for making knife handles and other ornaments.

Of all the religions, I dislike the Mahommedan most, because it is so narrow and it's adherents so prone to fanaticism; but I noted one thing in favor of these savages—they LIVE UP TO THEIR RELIGION far better than do most Christians. They keep their fasts and they will not drink intoxicating liquors. They don't touch hog meat because the Pandida says it is forbidden.

During the season of fasting even the Moro laborer eats nothing until sundown; but they surely put the pot to boiling as the chickens go to roost. They feast and beat the big brass tom-toms until late at night. The season ends with several all night services where they sing their weird savage lays and thump the deep tuned instruments of slumber destruction.

The "juramentado" is also a religious institution, though more of a live wire than a midnight song. It's a man. He gets worked up to a religious frenzy. The Pandida administers the sacred rites, prays, sings, and reads the Koran to him until he gets up to the proper pitch. He is told that he is going to Heaven—to Mahommet's bosom. The idea is for him to get killed, to pour out his blood for The Cause. In getting killed he must slay as many Christians as possible. Well, now, when a savage gets ideas like that into his head and a good, sharp barong in his hand and starts out on the run, it's time all honest folks were in bed! A fellow don't like to fool away his time with a coarse, unreasonable hardhead like that. That state of mind is good for at least three antagorists.

In Jolo several brave soldiers lost their lives in this way. The thing was becoming monotonous when Major Scott decided to have one buried in a manner peculiarly repulsive to the Moro mind. The carcass was smeared with hog's blood and buried with the remains of the animal. This, of course, undid the good effects of the Pandida's blessing—and "little Johnnie went to Hell." Now that was no fair playing. A fellow couldn't go up against a game like that, get his soul all white as a sheet and have his trunks checked right on through to Pearly Square, 102 Golden Street—all to no purpose, because an ill mannered set of American dogs wouldn't bury him like a Mahommedan gentleman. Nothing doing. The juramentados went on a strike until such time as Yankee commanders could be forced to recognize the union.

Scarcely less exciting than the capers above mentioned is the Moro wed-



ding. Boys, did you think it peculiar to the American girl—this way of smiling and encouraging a fellow until she gets him to the point, only to draw back and fain surprise? "This is so sudden," she says, knowing full well she has been tactfully pulling the reigns in that direction for lo, these many weeks! All this assumed backwardness, this gentle shyness when she is sure the fellow has the hook in his heart and the line is good and strong—do you think that's just the little ways of our own dear bosses? If you do, learn ye a lesson from the Moro lassie. As Kipling says:—

"The Colonel's lady  
And Julia O'Grady  
Are both alike under their skins."

And verily I say unto you:—  
The Tar Heel Girl  
And the Moro Pearl  
Resemble as white and black pins.

Of course nothing of even ordinary social or religious importance could be pulled off in proper style without those ear splitting tom-tom. Weddings always occur at night, and about six o'clock the tom-tom battery opens up—BOOM, tink-tink-a-tink-tink-tingalinga BOOM! tingaling BOOM-BOOM! tink-BOOM! tink BOOM! tingalingalingaling-tink-tinkalinkalink-tinktinkalingalingka BOOM! Get an old wash pot and a small frying pan and hit up this lick for about two hours, having placed some garlic and some rotten dried fish sufficiently near to get the full odoriferous effects. Then you will be able to enter into the true spirit of the occasion.

After the musicians drop with exhaustion the guests, who have assembled during the beating of the long roll, witness the ceremony in the gayly decorated room, on the floor of which said guests are comfortably (?) seated. Then comes the feast—fish, tapioca, carabao meat, chocolate sweets, fruits and dainties, some of which are quite nifty.

During the feast the bride steals away and is given about an hour's start. Her friends and allies mount her on a good pony and provide boats if she has a mind to travel by water. When the groom is at last officially informed of the departure of his fair one he appears to be (that's his part, you know) greatly surprised. He mounts his steed and flies in pursuit. Hills, valleys, plains, and waters are overcome in the chase. The lady must not be caught too quickly, else she will be the subject of the knowing smiles and arched brows exclamations of the girls in her set—couldn't outwit a man, you know! So she makes the race in good earnest and usually manages to make life miserable for the forsaken lover for a day or two. And they live happily ever afterwards—until he marries him another. They do say the men get in pretty good practice by the time they corral number four.

The Moro builds his habitation as high as practicable whether it be on land or in the edge of the water. This gives ventilation as well as a reasonable amount of protection from prowling animals, reptiles and vermin. The water dwelling Moros are called Badjos, though they are the same blood and race as the other Moros, only being distinguished by reason of their dwelling over the water and giving their time exclusively to fishing and diving.

In all large villages one finds the Chinese stores. Often there may be

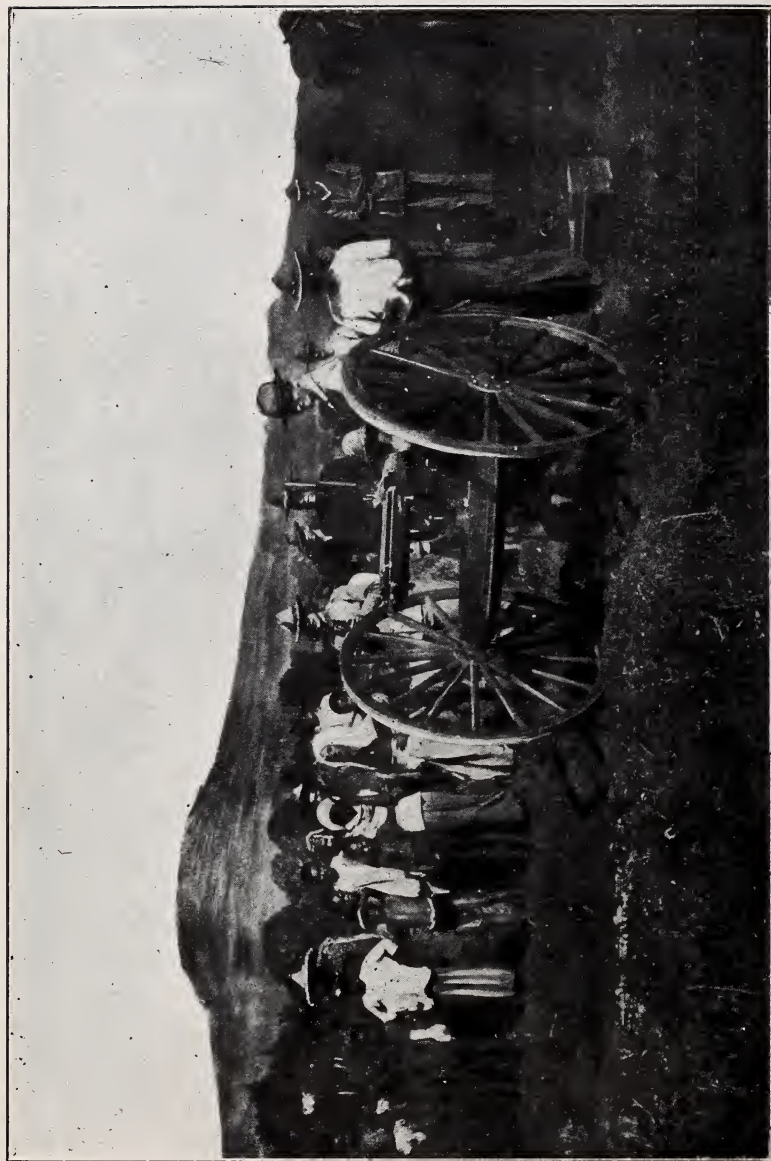
seen a long row of buildings with a connecting porch or gangway out over the water. The Moros come up in boats, tie up and do their trading. Pearls, copra, chickens, eggs, and other sea and land products are sold for gayly colored cloth, trinkets and more substantial goods, wares and merchandise. The Chinaman gets along with the Moro admirably. He is a good fellow, always smiling and polite, and always with a little handful of shimmering pearls to show you if you insist. He's ready for a trade if you are, and if you don't know your business he will burn you up in the barter.

The Moro has been criticised for his system of slavery, but this is hardly slavery as we understand it. True there are abuses of what they have—since they are savages;—but it is no more than a crude feudal system. Prisoners of war become slaves, but if the man is reasonably cunning he can escape. The greater part of it is a matter of mutual protection. A single Moro, dwelling apart, can hardly hope to die of old age. Heads have a little way of rolling off, you know. For this reason they attach themselves to some Datto or Panglima or influential and wealthy man with courage and ambitions in the Panglima direction. If the chief is unusually tyrannical his following gradually falls away. A few unfortunate ones are oppressed and imposed upon, but this can not be prevented until the people become civilized.

The schools are now beginning to work a great change in the Moro, and I doubt not that I would find a vast difference between today and ten years ago. I believe the Moros are a people of more than ordinary force, considering the fact that they live in the tropics; and they are capable of becoming highly civilized. But if you commence by taking his extra wives and slaves before he understands the reason, there will be big trouble and little good accomplished. It will take time.







Firing the Gatling Gun, at Siassi.



## XIV

### A Kingdom Crumbles

THE picture of the Moro houses over the water is a view taken from the window of my quarters at Siassi. Around the distant point of Tapul island came the mail boat once per month, though it has been known to tarry as long as six weeks. I sat in the window and looked and looked and looked. The heat, the silence, the loneliness, and the work, were a bit discouraging at times; but I had my Chinos, my boat, my pony, and many interesting things to help me shake off the blue devils. But one get's tired of it. The sameness wears on you. The soldiers had many companions, but there were but four of us, and we had sense enough to know that we should not spend too much time together.

An occasional trip of the launch from Jolo brought us visiting brethren, and we invariably made them realize the welcome which always awaited them. A naval boat meant glorious frolics. Once the "Luzon" stayed a week for rifle practice on our range. The officers and sailors were as glad to get on shore as we were to eat real dinners in their wardroom, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Once in three months a merchantman anchored in our harbor on its route from Singapore to the Celebes Islands. The jolly old skipper always brought us some good beer from Singapore and some savage trinkets from the islands. Captain Moss was a typical South Sea skipper. Two years later we learned with sorrow of his death in the wreck which destroyed his ship off the coast of Borneo.

But the hour of deliverance was at hand. "The 23rd is going home" had been whispered for several months, but one delay after another had almost put us out of heart. Finally a big, white transport steamed into the harbor, dropped anchor, and the launch came puffing up to the little wharf.

What do you suppose it was? Something had happened! The soldiers, recently a glum and dispirited lot, commenced joking and laughing. Somehow, the air seemed different. The sun wasn't hot; it was bright—just splendidly, beautifully, bright, and there was a sort of tickling around our hearts which made us want to whistle and sing. It seemed funny to have the soldiers go by and salute so formally—I wanted to grab the old fellows and hug 'em. I realized that no other soldiers would ever be quite the same. We had been "through the mill" together—drilled, marched, taken quinine, and grumbled and growled and waited together. "I had eaten their bread and salt; and the life that they led was mine."

The men got out in front of the barracks and started up the roughest game I ever saw—that of slapping each other with barrel staves. The shrieks of laughter and the desperate lunges for safety almost drove us into hysterics. It was all I could do to keep from securing a good plank and getting in the game. But it was—

“Home, boys, home!  
It’s home we’re going to be.  
Home, boys, home  
To God’s countree;  
Where grows the oak and ash  
And the weeping willow tree—  
To h— with the Philippines,  
It’s home we’re going to be!”

Did we sing it! Oh, didn’t we sing it! At the guard house, in the barracks, on the wharf, in the officers’ quarters and even in the hospital, that old song split the air.

It came just in time, for I was pretty well done for. Chills, hard work, homesickness, and an attack of tropical deafness had your Uncle Dudley going. We thought the transport would remain in the harbor twenty four hours and I had transferred all of my commissary stores to my successor; but a hurry up message on account of “The Buford” going aground on the Mindanao coast, and the consequent demand for our boat to go at once, necessitated my turning over the quartermaster stores from one o’clock until daylight. Lists had to be made on duplicate invoices and receipts for every thing, and every item verified by the officer whose receipt I must have.

Finally we went. Old Amul Hussan and a few of our other friendly Dattos heard the news and came post haste. All our native and Chino friends were on the wharf, some of them weeping copiously. It did make a fellow feel a bit sad. Being kinglet isn’t so bad, you know, no matter where it is. Captain Seay looked back from the launch at Old Siassi peak, at the plain over which we had ridden so often, at the barracks, the fort, the wharf—and he didn’t sing “Home, boys, Home.” Just then he wanted to stay. I was glad to go, but I could see the other side of the question. We never fully appreciate our blessings until we see them being taken away. Power is sweet to the Anglo-Saxon, and he hates to step down and out when he loves the work and has to leave so many hopes unrealized.

For my part I would gladly go there and work if I could have sufficient authority to do all things necessary to make those people prosperous and happy. I wanted the Governorship of Paragua, and had it not been for my condition of health and a severe case of homesickness, I would have obtained it. I wanted to organize my Dattos, have schools, get plows and farm machinery and show them their use, teach them the true object of government and make them love me. Wrestling with such problems causes one to look at the big things and apply the broader rules. It’s a fine thing to be taken out of one’s self and be mindful of the welfare and happiness of a people—of others.

But I was going to a people I loved better—and I am glad I did not get to be kinglet. To be plain citizen in “God’s countree,” just the same size as Bill Smith and Tom Jones, is good enough for your Uncle.

Here in the land of law and order we have fully as many problems, albeit they are more advanced and consequently more interesting. Over there it was a game of letting each other live, meeting the bare necessities of existence, teaching men to respect the lives of their brethren. Here we have pass-

ed beyond, to the higher plane, where we are striving to make it possible for the faculties of all men to be cultivated to the highest degree in the schools and colleges. Here we are working to bring the golden rule into all business and social relations and to place still higher ideals in the minds and hearts of the people.

If one desires to shine only by comparison; to be looked up to, no matter by whom; to satisfy one's vanity by being in authority—then, life there is preferable. But we have our own people here—the religion, the customs and the language we love. The "home folks," God bless them, are ready to give you full credit for what you do and to feel proud of you if the accomplishment be worthy. All these are more than being kinglet, and if men could see it in the right way and realize the satisfaction it would bring them, more worthy minds would be bent upon the problems of the home county.

We are great on shouting reform when the affairs of another state are being discussed. We're heartily in favor of reforms in distant sections or in Canada or in South America; but when it comes to rolling up our sleeves and getting down to the uplift in the home town or county we don't take hold readily. And, really, it's the only work we can do. THIS is OURS and these be our brethren who may be made better and happier by our efforts. We can sow the seeds and see the fruit ripen with our own eyes. I almost wish every county could have a flag; for it's county patriotism that brings about reform. Could every county in America be quickened to this realization, many of our great public problems would vanish with the morning dew.

But it was good bye Old Siassi. It surely was easy doin's, just reclining in a deck chair and enjoying the cool breezes of the old ocean with nothing to do but to let 'em take you home. We went to Zamboanga and disembarked for a few days while the smaller Transport went to assist the Buford in getting off the sand at the mouth of the Cattabato river. Meantime the 23rd, bag and baggage, was brought up from Jolo while a few scattering companies came in from smaller stations in Mindanao. And a glorious reunion we had, too. Many of the officers' families had arrived a few months before and life in the regiment had begun to assume an aspect similar to that of the old days on the plains.

The "Buford" got out of trouble at last and we left there just as the day was dying. We were to go back via Singapore and the Suez Canal; so, when we pulled out from Zamboanga, we really felt that we had started home. I am truly sorry I told you about this starting, and I've half a mind to tell you again. It's the sweetest story ever told, and as I am somewhat of a seasoned traveler at this writing I can never feel that way again.

Singapore we enjoyed to the full. The Raffles hotel sets the pace for the world in real curries, and a town more typically eastern can not be found. In many respects it resembles Colombo, which place we visited again on the following week. We had more parties with our English friends of the Navy and Royal Artillery, and enjoyed them more because we could entertain them better in return. Traveling with one's regiment has many advantages over being a lonesome youngster in a bunch of recruits. By this time I was well seasoned and well broken in; indeed, I had passed the examination for promotion and expected to be a first lieutenant on my arrival in the United States.

I got it several months later, and no one who has not had a similar experience will ever know how good that extra bar on my shoulder looked.

Though we saw many new and interesting things on our return journey, I will not run the risk of tiring you by going over the same ground. We stopped at the same ports visited on the journey out, with the addition of Singapore. The ladies raved at the Maltese lace and went into ecstasies over the beauties of the Mediterranean.

Again we passed through the Pillars of Hercules, saw old Tangiers nestling on the cliff, Tarriffa on the starboard beam, and then we looked upon some angry waters and a leaden sky. Here is where we saw something new.





## XV

### My Copper Colored Sweetheart

**W**HILE we were anchored at Gibraltar a ship came in from South America with her funnel twisted and her heavy iron davits bent double. She was scarred and battered. But this was no reason for laying in port with an outfit which was costing Uncle Sam a bunch of money per day; so out into it we had to hike. We had a stiff blow and some heavy seas before reaching the Azores; but when that abated everyone aboard began to sit up and take notice, thinking we would get along all right.

The sea continued to be restless, however, and late one afternoon I heard an old sailor say, "Boys, here she comes!" I looked out to starboard, but could see nothing but a little bank of clouds. The wind began to blow the white tops from the waves and the rigging set up a low moan which presently grew louder. In an hour things livened up considerably. Going out on the bridge deck, I took a position where I could hold on securely as I witnessed a most splendid and awful sight. Mountains of water were hurling themselves at us with the wild fury of the storm. The gale roared and roaned and dashed the angry waters clear over the ship. The "Buford" trembled as she crawled slowly up the sides of the immense waves; only one of which was visible at a time, though I stood on a deck from which one could see many miles on an ordinary sea. After mounting the summit of a water-mountain the ship would plunge into the enormous cavity—down, down, down, until we thought she would never stop. The propeller was lifted out of the water, causing the engines to run with such frightful speed that every timber vibrated. I stood there wet, holding on for life, but spellbound—fascinated by the horror, the wonder, the majesty of this unspeakable scene.

Black darkness, between the splitting flashes of lightning, closed upon us, and all senses but that of hearing seemed suspended, even this being benumbed by the deafening roar of wind and waves and the crashing thunder. To feel yourself being lifted high in the air, tossed from side to side, and drawn down with the trembling decks cracking under the strain which threatened to split them at any moment, is quite a different matter from reading thereof or even thinking of it in later years. It was a great, overpowering reality, forcing the mind to shake itself free, to soar out into the wild night which was furnishing such abundant evidence of the power of the Majestic Ruler of the Storm—the Eternal, Omnipotent Spirit, who held the raging billows in the hollow of His hand! Be it streams of molten lava, leaping miles into the air from the bowels of the groaning, trembling earth; be it the thunders around the dizzy heights of Mt. Sinai; be it the wild, mad, raging of the boiling, seething waters,—it is always the manifestation of the power of that incomprehensible Being whose existence is coextensive with space and eternity, and whose ways are past finding out. When facing power so much beyond him as this, a man naturally turns his mind to the cause—the force behind it. It points him to the GREAT I AM.

The little peoples of the earth are puffed up with egotism, their affairs are all absorbing to them. In pride, vainglory and hypocrisy they forget; but the VOICE comes sometimes as it did to us that night, and we know from whence it comes. Of the twelve hundred human beings on board the belabored "Buford," there were few, if any, who did not realize in WHOSE merciful keeping they were.

With great caution I gained the door of social hall and went below for dinner. Few appeared in the saloon; and, although the storm racks were on the table, the dishes persisted in jumping over them. Presently a big wave landed on the forward deck and seemed to stop the ship with a sudden jar, sending such attached fixtures as water coolers and racks crashing through immediate surroundings. I had been thinking of icebergs all day, and I KNEW we had struck one and that my TIME had come! The women shrieked and the men turned white and I—well I had a feeling all through me that I was going to grin and bear it without making a fuss. I felt that if death had come I could not help it, and I was not going to try unless some reasonable excuse for action occurred to me.

Boys; that's the time I faced the REAL THING. It was "good medicine." I thought of SEVERAL things in that ten seconds; and the thinking was none the worse for me. The old ship gave a couple of wiggles and began to rise again and it gradually dawned on us that there was a fighting chance. Captain Stevens, who was an old sea dog, was sitting next to me, and when he recovered sufficiently to smile and exclaim, "struck a whale that time, I guess," I was able to force a little laugh; but it was rather weak. By the way, it was neither an ice berg nor a whale which we struck, but many tons of water which pounded down on our bow and forward deck.

That night another big wave caught us on the starboard side, broke the heavy glass on the bridge, ripped off some of the metallic fastenings and wounded one of the officers. It threw the ship on her side at an angle of about 45 degrees, in which position she remained a sufficient length of time to cause another panic. I think the glassware must be still falling on that old tub!

We were from 16 to 18 days crossing the Atlantic on that occasion, when ten was the usual time for our boat. But we made it all right; and I, for one, am glad it happened as it is the only real storm at sea I have ever witnessed—and I am not a candidate for a seat at the next performance.

Now, friends, this narrative throughout conforms generally to my actual experiences, and this storm happened in November, 1901, to the "Buford" with the 23rd Infantry aboard. Though the old sailors may tell you I have put it a bit strong, it's just about on the notch as your Uncle Dudley saw and felt it. Any one who was in the 23rd at that time remembers about "the big wave." In fact, a visitor in the regiment once said it was her opinion that we counted all time in the 23rd from the "Big Wave."

Our cold, gloomy trip finally came to a glorious end as we steamed proudly into New York harbor and saw that Lady holding the lantern out to us. She may be the Goddess of Liberty, and all that, but to us she was more—yes more than the tongues of nightingales, the pens of gifted poets, or the voices of angels could express. She was the living water to the parching lips, balm to the aching heart, sweet, sweet music to the returning exile. Uncle Sam, Old

Glory, God's Country, Home! Say, boys, she's the Lady that makes you laugh when nobody has said anything funny. She runs the little shivers of excitement through your system and sprinkles a few dew drops into the corners of your eyes. Here's to you, my big, bronze sweetheart—you're the finest thing my old eyes ever rested on, and I'm your still the cows come home! Many are the hearts into which your silent gaze has shot that thrill which made them realize, with quickened and indescribable intensity, that you stand silent and majestic watch at the gateway of the best, the freest, the grandest country on the face of God's beautiful earth! Small indeed is the soul who fails to kindle from your sight. That lantern burns something into a man's heart which makes him willing to go up against a few bullets now and then if the path of duty leads in that direction. It puts something in one's breast which seems to come out and meet the trombone half way when the splendid strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" come crashing through the air.

As we sailed into the harbor that day the news flashed over the wires that the FIRST REGIMENT THAT EVER SAILED AROUND THE WORLD had completed the journey. No regiment of any army had ever done this before. The 14th and 18th Regiments of Infantry had reached the Philippines before ours, but they were sent back via Nagasaki, Japan, and San Francisco. I had only been around half way and back, but when I made the trip both ways, as will be related in the chapters to follow, I had completed the circle twice—fifty thousand miles.

But we had no big parades, speeches, and dinners, for we were just "regulars" going where we were ordered—not favorite sons of particular states, only Uncle Sam's boys. There was no use of foolishness. Though they stormed the block house at Manila and some of them held the line at Zapote river, that was what they were paid for. But Captain Billie Sage and Corporal George Shelton had big, bronze medals of honor on their manly breasts as the token of appreciation from the Congress of the United States, and many another had the greatest of all prizes—the realization of duty well done. "He ain't no hero. He's just a Reg'lar," but he's "there with the goods" when Uncle Sam needs him to shave the wild hairs from flying lead; and he knows what to do when he gets there.

They had fought no big battles where the reports of the slain mounted up into the thousands; but the little hot scraps, where ten out of a total force of 100 were killed, were quite as trying to the individual and took fully as much nerve.

These men are not bought. The \$15.60 per month don't settle the bill. They love the Stars and Stripes and they simply can't give up and leave the old command. A little matter of mud, fever, bullets, and exile don't keep them away. They are strong, full blooded Americans; and some of them are fighting for you and me almost every day. Don't go back on the old "Reg'lar" simply because he don't put on the frills and have the "home girls" make him a silk flag and all that; for, verily, he's the chap that stands like a rock for all you hold most dear.

The six weeks' mail which had accumulated at New York for us, was brought aboard almost immediately, and the whole regiment was soon busy. Some read of deaths, others received glad tidings, and one (who really belongs



to the fortunate class) was made acquainted with the fact that the girl who was to be his wife on the happy home coming was married to another. Two of our officers received notice of promotion and left the ship to join their new commands, while others who had been assigned to the 23rd reported for duty.

Our orders were to proceed to Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., where we went in three sections as fast as our baggage could be unloaded. Such movements are always by battalions, and are expedited by having the transports loaded with the effects of each division packed separately.

It was good to look upon the brown woods, the clean fields, and the white houses as the trains sped northward to the shores of Lake Champlain. Our blood was thinned by the long sojourn in the tropics and the cold winds, when we alighted from the train, gave us the sensation of being cut in two; but we were happy. The good eats, the pretty girls, the dances, skates, and sleigh rides, made up for a little thing like 20 degrees below Zero. We had other things to talk of besides the weather.

But your Uncle Dudley surrendered not, to the bewitching smiles of the Northern lake nymphs, there being a true heart "way down in Alabam" who came right up to your Uncle's plans and specifications in every particular. Safely secreted in an inner pocket, wrapped carefully with chamois skin, I had a perfect pearl the size of a calibre 30 bullet which I opined would be as deadly as Dan Cupid's measley little arrows. Twelve little diamonds were skilfully set around the pearl and the whole attached to a golden band. Armed with this formidable weapon your Uncle Dudley, as soon as he could get a leave of absence, made haste to the land of cotton, and, after overcoming various and sundry mild protests, succeeded in ringing the Belle. And again I say, the joy of the home coming, is worth the discomfort and the anguish of two years in exile.

After a short trip South, on which my old home at "Waynesville the Beautiful" was visited, I settled down to the work and pleasures of garrison life at Plattsburg. We stayed there but a sort time, however, for my battalion was ordered to Madison Barracks, Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., whence we proceeded in February, 1902.

This was, by far, the most pleasant part of my service in Uncle Sam's army. Major Charles L. Hodges, thorough soldier, big hearted man, and upright, Christian gentleman, was our commanding officer, and my detail as post adjutant brought me in daily contact with him and his charming family.

When I first saw Major Hodges on the wharf at old Siassi, when the transport came for us, I was impressed with his soldierly bearing, his unassuming manner, and his great personal force. He was quick to decide and quicker to inspire the confidence of others in the wisdom of his decision. He was firm and uncompromising, yet was just and considerate. He was true and brave and loyal and kind; and the officers and soldiers in his command who did not love him were, indeed, few. His fatherly advice and admonition to the young officer so fortunate as to receive it was never forgotten. Since the sojourn at Sackett's Harbor, Major Hodges, after rising to the rank of Major General, has gone to join the Armies of the Blessed; but it is a consolation in my sorrow to remember that, during his latter days, this great soul came once again into our lives when he visited my home and bade God's richest blessings descend upon it.



## XVI

### In the Carolina Mountains

**A**FTER plodding so wearily through the desert with me it would be inexcusable were I to deny you the pleasure of the delightful oasis. Life, says a gifted writer, is checkered with shade and sunshine; and the life of a soldier is not excepted. Another leave of absence was due me, as I had taken none during my first two years' service; and, when the same was officially granted, I did as the swallows do—flew homeward.

Yes, your Uncle Dudley made a bee-line for the Southern Appalachians. He did more: seeking the most beautiful locality in all these glorious mountains, he finally alighted in a little valley through which the Richland bubbles and laughs and sparkles and murmurs over beds of shining pebbles between banks covered with carpets of moss and dense natural hedges of rhododendron. On all sides of this favored valley arise lofty peaks which tower from 5,000 to 6,500 feet above the little city of Waynesville, N. C., which has everything on this terrestrial globe skinned a thousand blocks when it comes down to a question of beauty and magnificent environment.

On the good day in which I write these musings a lake is being constructed by the Southern Assembly, and here will be located the largest chautauqua and assembly grounds in the world. Ere long, Old Bald, The Balsams, Lickstone, Crabtree Bald, and Eagle's Nest will be making eyes at the July moon through the rippling mirror which will occupy the most picturesque section of the valley.

For one delightful month I dwelled care free and happy with the "home folks," and with my mountains, my trout streams, and my old friends. Wander where you will, you never find those who can take the place of your childhood's associates and surroundings. The land where one first sees the light; the friends who shared the little joys and sorrows of childhood; the father who guided you, and the blessed mother who rocked you in the cradle,—these are heart of your heart and soul of your soul. They are part of you. When you face hardships and discouragements in far off lands, your mind goes back to them. Weary and footsore and sick, you long to fly back to the old nest where your heart tells you there is sympathy, tenderness, peace.

Two years is a big slice out of a youngster's life, and I was agreeably surprised by the marked improvements in the old town, which was just then putting on the airs of a little city. The old friends looked a little older and the young ones had grown until I often had to take a second look before recognizing them. But your Uncle Dudley had his foot on his native heath and was breathing the pure, free air of his own dear land; and he was content.

Much has been said about the "mountain whites" of this same section. Stories of their ignorance and their helplessness have been bartered for gold. The Southern Mountaineer has been pictured variously along the scale from two

degrees below a Commanchee Indian to first cousin to a hyena, once removed. Visitors to our beautiful land of tall mountains, fertile valleys, and whole souled, God fearing people often open their eyes in wonder when they discover that the inhabitants are not clad in filthy rags.

These stories are told either by sensational writers and lecturers or by people who solicit funds for charitable purposes. Some of those who so misrepresent us are unscrupulous swindlers: others are honest, self sacrificing, Christian workers whose excessive zeal for a noble work runs riot with their powers of description. With the latter class we have no quarrel. They have done well in relieving suffering, supplying the needy, and preaching the blessed word of the Living God, which is also preached by noble men of our own kith and kin to their own people.

But the Southern mountaineer is a fine specimen of manhood, physically, mentally and morally. We are a little behind the city in the matter of education; but we are not behind any country in the world when wealth and population are considered. The people have their own schools, churches, and lodges. As a rule they are industrious and independant; while even the illiterate exhibit a quick and vigorous mentality which often excites the wonder and admiration of strangers.

We have our black sheep as every other section or class has; but nowhere in all the Southern Appalachians, and especially in North Carolina, can you find half of the degrading vice, or the abject poverty and appealing ignorance which can be seen any day in our great cities.

Back in our mountains, in the most isolated sections, we have some ignorant people, but even these have a spirit of manhood which commands the discerning stranger's respect. It is the exception when one of our mountain boys fails to "make good" when he goes out into the world. We have furnished more statesmen, more soldiers, more men of prominence in science, religion, and the professions, than any other section of equal population in the United States. They have gone to Raleigh and become governors, they have entered the Army and Navy and distinguished themselves (your Uncle Dudley excepted,) they have gone West and made their mark as governors, judges and senators, and they have gone to the battle field and acquitted themselves with honor.

The people of Western North Carolina are most remarkably like other folks. They are the purest Anglo-Saxon blood on the continent. They have the qualities which count—vitality, vigor of mind and body, and a characteristic temperament which brings these gifts into action in the development of themselves and their favored country, whose beauties and advantages they fully appreciate. Some of the little city bred folk, whose narrow world of bridge, social frivolity and cheap luxury constitute the limits of their observations, find conditions back in the mountains and away from our towns very different from what they think should be in order to make existence tolerable. But this is not the mountaineer's fault; and the fact remains that the absence of turkish baths and manicuring facilities does not prove the inferiority of these, the sturdest of God's plain people. In addition to the yeomanry we have our rich folk, our purse proud, our old families, and our toadies, pretty much as do all localities; but we could do better without those special classes than we could

without our misrepresented and misunderstood common people. Come to Waynesville and, if necessary, we can manage to muster up some of the frills—anything from *paté de foie gras* to a plug hatted youth who spends his entire salary for flowers and pink chrysanthemums. But don't say anything about this as we do not consider it a matter for especial pride. Real men, you know, can be produced without the superfluities.

Why is it that a measley, little old cat can lick forty seven different kinds of streaked lightning out of a great, big, lazy dog in less time than it takes to wink your eye? Simply because kitty is the goods—it's "in 'im." The cat has life, spirit, agility. He thinks now and he strikes about forty four one hundredths of a second BEFORE NOW. Mr. Dog don't get organized before he's down and out and pussy is picking the dog hairs out of his claws. Well, it's the same way with your average mountaineer—it's "in 'im." He has his mind on education and good roads at present, and he will soon be setting the pace for the world.

But a thirty day leave of absence flies quickly. With no drills, no guard duty, no office work, no calls to attend, no parades, no inspections, no range firing, no hiking—my, but it was glorious! The mountains were filled with the summer seekers of health and pleasure at this time and the gayety was a pleasing contrast to the daily habit of gazing out over the waters, longing for the mail boat to round the point. It seemed about one week when I had to pack my duds and hike out for Plattsburg, my command having been ordered back from Sackett's Harbor during my absence.

It is said of Secretary Root that he sent the Army to school, and it is a true saying. With nothing but the routine of garrison duties we had some time to spare; and this time, in compliance with General Orders of the War Department, was put in on Minor Tactics, Field Engineering, Army Regulations, Infantry Fire, and various other branches of the science of war. We had regular hours for recitations and no officer below the grade of Captain was excused under any circumstances. Well, this was what I bumped into after my grand holiday. I came up with a rush and stopped with a sudden jar; but it was easy fruit compared with being commissary, Q. M., and a dozen other things at Siassi.

## XVII

### The Good Old Twenty Third

**A**RM Y life in an up-to-date post in the United States has many attractions; although our friends of the layety, who saw us only during hours of recreation, imagined it far more pregnant with easy luxury than was actually the case. The fact is, army officers as a class are pretty steady workers, and they have plenty to do. To the fellow standing in the edge of the parade ground while the band is marching up in front of the long line of immovable figures, it seems a May-day picnic. But the time when a few brass buttons and big drums are a source of pleasure passes in a few weeks, and the soldier's duties become work, very much the same as does the daily routine to the laborer, the business or professional man.

Many young men think it would be one grand round of interest and excitement to be an army officer, but they are mistaken. Every man reaches the stage in his occupation where it seems a grind. The new wears off and a man gets down to the same old problem every other one must face. There is nothing to inspire him save his love of duty and his desire to "make good," to overcome, to prove himself superior to obstacles. If a youngster stands that test, he may easily decide that he will be a success. A man does not attain success or failure, he starts with the one or the other in his mind and heart. If it is in him to take a pride in doing well the task that is before him, **THAT IS** success; and it will bring him the fruits thereof in season. The youngster who got on the windward side in order to sweep the sidewalk better, easier, and quicker, had that something in him which caused him, in after life, to merge great enterprises and effect great economical savings.

So we passed the time interestingly at work and pleasantly at play, while the weeks and months sped by. Lake Champlain is a joy in summer and the people of Plattsburgh and surrounding country were delightful. Our spare days and hours were given to the Champlain Hotel verandahs, launch cruises and picnic parties on the lake, tours to Ausable Chasm, drives on the fine roads, dances, and other social pleasures.

Colonel Milton Thompson was our regimental commander. He was a good man and a fine officer, while his charming and estimable wife was an adornment to the society of the post. They had passed middle age, but they had young hearts; and their presence always lent a refined dignity to our regimental dances and receptions.

The 23rd had plenty of **ESPRIT DE CORPSE**. On the "Buford," before reaching New York harbor, we held a meeting of the Regimental mess and voted \$2000 for a new silver service which would be a credit to our organization. The mess was, of course, for the primary convenience and enjoyment of the bachelor officers; but the married men helped meet this permanent expense for the honor of the outfit.



We were one big family at the post, and the whole bunch with their friends from town or visitors from a distance enjoyed the Regimental Mess, where the Colonel presided at the head of the long table at "state dinners" and the double lines stood up to drink to the Stars and Stripes, the ladies, and "The Good Old Twenty Third." No occasion of this kind was complete until we youngsters sounded off with—

Ra-ra-Twenty-third!  
Ra-ra-Twenty-third!  
Ra-ra-Twenty-third—  
In-fan-tree!

But this was not all. The Regimental song came next—

"There is no other Reg-i-ment,  
 The dear old Twenty three!  
 There is no other Reg-i-ment,  
 The dear old Twenty three!  
 And when we get to Heaven  
 We'll give the same old yell,  
 And if we're not so for-tu-nate  
 We'll give it down in — — !!!

CHEER UP BOYS, THERE AIN'T NO HELL!"

Now the last line is not sung, but shouted in unison in a way that makes the plastering loosen up, if it isn't on tight. After that the bunch breaks up singing, unless there's another round of jokes and short speeches. Usually a hop comes afterwards.

But what I started to say is that the members of our fine regiment were proud of it, they loved it, and they were loyal to it. When a regiment gets criss cross, dividing into gossiping factions and pulling against each other, folks who know how things ought to be begin to want to transfer. But in ours was a bunch of capable, broad minded officers, and a number of noble, kind hearted, motherly women. The latter threw protecting wings over the bachelors, and, with their husbands, took a hand in our entertainments and otherwise made life quite different from what it would have been without these refining and pleasing associations.

The army wife is a match-maker by instinct, taste, acquirement and association. The young ladies visited our married friends, and the lady of the house did the rest. It was simply a question of which bachelor Mrs. Captain So-and-so wanted her fair visitor to catch. He was always landed. But there is one thing about it—they invariably picked winners in the visitor line. But your Uncle Dudley had no mind to be thus ensnared; so he ambled off down to Alabama and got to be married folks of his own.

The bachelor bunch gave us a big silver tray which is unto this day the pride and joy of the Dudley household, and the married folks "came across" handsomely, as they always do in the Army.

Oh, those dear good friends! Never can we forget them—"dear hearts across the seas." The old Twenty Thirders may wander to the Mexican frontier, camp by the side of the bitter waters, suffer from the solitude and discomfort of the tropics, walk into the jaws of death; but wherever they are, there will my heart be also. The Regiment itself I love, but the old crowd.

now scattered throughout the Army—these be my friends and brethren until death assembles us on the bright shores of eternity.

There is one thing that comes to me like the song of the nightingale or the murmur of the waterfall; it's the "Twenty Third Infantry March." Step! did you say? I've seen hundreds of the finest soldiers on earth step so gingerly past the colors that the martial strains seemed to put springs into their feet. Silent, save for the click of bayonets and the loud quick words of command, every mother's son of them wanted to dance and shout. The cornets trill and the trombones crash and the big basses rumble out that old march in a way that makes a Twenty Thirder want to fight a buzz saw and play the piano all at the same time.

At Jamestown, Va., in 1897, after I had resigned the service, there was a great parade and review. My Militia company of mountaineers followed the regular troops as we paraded in front of the reviewing stand with the men at "right should arms" and the officers saluting with "present sabre" as the Governor of North Carolina and other high officials watched our every move. That regular regiment in front of us was the Twenty Third Infantry, that band which had halted to our left was the Twenty Third Infantry band, and that soul inspiring anthem which was glorifying the atmosphere was the Twenty Third Infantry March! The old feeling came over me, the old life, the sweet memory of old friendships—the splendid Twenty Third! Now they labored on the sun scorched plain, or in the thick swamp where the waters stank; now they sang and whistled in the camp; and now the long, thin firing line approached the hostile walls. I could see them marching by the colors, the big battalions swinging to the step; and I remembered all the joys and sorrows I had shared with these, my comrades. The memories crowded together thick and fast, and the big tears dropped silently to the earth and no man saw or heard aught save the measured tread of ten thousand feet, the clank of the sabre and the crash of succeeding bands drowning out the notes of my beautiful march.

Possibly you would not think this piece of music sweeter than any other good march; but it meant so much more to me by reason of the old and endearing associations. Our national hymns are not so superior artistically; but they are so identified with all we hold in high devotion that they call forth the best there is in us.

Nothing is quite as disgusting as the present day tendency to supplant the old with the new in regard to these things which are so rich in those sentiments which are deeply rooted in our souls. There is no artist, however great and gifted, who can give us new notes for the grand old "Rock of Ages," "Just as I am without one plea," "Nearer, My God, to Thee,"—would you rob us of the unearthly sweetness of these by substituting some cross between a rag-time and a savage chant? These old songs grip the heart. We love them. They are deep as the soul's emotions. They bring peace. Let us advance in all needful directions and let the increase of knowledge and breadth of vision add new and soul intoxicating power to the old, sweet songs,—but, let us keep them as they are. The people love them.

'Tis a poor little idea of life in the regiment that I have given. The written word has it's limitations, you know, and there is that about it which the mere multiplication of sentences can not encompass. I shrink from making

it appear more attractive than it was, but fond memory prompts me to dwell upon the things which are most dear.

At this time regiments were supposed to spend two years in the tropics and two years at home. Our moving orders came when we had been in the states just sixteen months, though we did not sail for three months thereafter. But few murmurs were heard. The very young officers were anxious for a first turn at foreign services, their elders thought of the "Days of the Empire," which they fondly supposed were still in existence. Dear as were the friends, the comforts, and the joys of the land "where the wheels go round," most of us "heard the East a-calling" and were ready to pack up with cheerful hearts.

But the move was hard on the married folks. Furniture had to be crated and stored, china and all but the plainest household effects were left behind. A thousand and one things had to be attended to before taking the long leave-Wives went home on short visits. Auction sales of surplus furniture and household effects were held in the post and the people from the country round about rejoiced in many fine bargains. Owing to the slowness of the freight trains the baggage for the transport had to be shipped weeks in advance of the day appointed for moving, thus necessitating our remaining in half furnished houses and enduring much annoyance and discomfort. Gradually the married folks drifted into the Regimental Mess and the whole crowd spent a week or two holding their hands and waiting for the welcome day.

Finally three long trains backed up on the reservation siding. Each battalion had a train, the officers and families of a battalion comfortably filling a pullman, while the soldiers were quartered in tourist sleepers.

The trains departed a half hour apart and were dispatched through to San Francisco as closely together, being three sections of "special freight." All of Plattsburgh turned out to bid us good bye, and many were the sad hearts from the parting—many the sweethearts left behind.

Down the beautiful lake we sped, then out across the state, then on to Chicago, Kansas City, the plains, the desert. Our battalion was on the middle train, which gave us the opportunity of seeing the whole regiment thrice daily. As we arrived at the eating stations the first battalion would be waiting to start, and we always had time for a few jokes and a laugh. The third battalion would, in like manner, overtake us in time to give us a good "send off" in the way of a song, the yell, or a practical joke. The third could slip in and wet our blankets or do like devilment while we were eating when we would have little chance of paying them back; but we managed to land once or twice in a way that made them "quit their foolin'."

From Central Kansas the journey through the barren deserts was rather monotonous, excepting a few delightful hours in Denver. Ogden was passed, and then more desert. The days of barrenness were worth while, however; for it prepared us to appreciate what followed. Over the Southern Pacific we climbed around lake Taho to the top of the Sierras. The lake, thousands of feet below, reflected on its placid waters the image of the majestic peak, thousands of feet above. It was a beautiful sight, but not so welcome as the fruits and flowers of the Sacramento Valley which we reached in two hours from the time we left the top.



## XVIII

### From the Golden Gate to Malabang

THE Regiment was transferred by boat from the Southern Pacific terminal, across the bay from San Francisco, to The Praesidio, where we went into camp for a few days, pending the loading of the United States Army Transport "Thomas." The ladies went to the Occidental Hotel, unofficial army headquarters in the delightful city of the West. No regular drills or other work was taken up in camp, other than making ourselves comfortable, maintaining a camp guard, and sending regular reliefs to the city to attend to our part of the loading.

At last the day and hour arrived and again we stood on the bridge deck and saw the shores recede as the big engines took up the regular thump and the eddies swirled astern. As usual, the friends on shore joined the swarming crowds of officers and soldiers on deck in sending up a mighty yell, completely drowning "Yankee Doodle," and "Dixie" which the band was pouring forth from the forward deck.

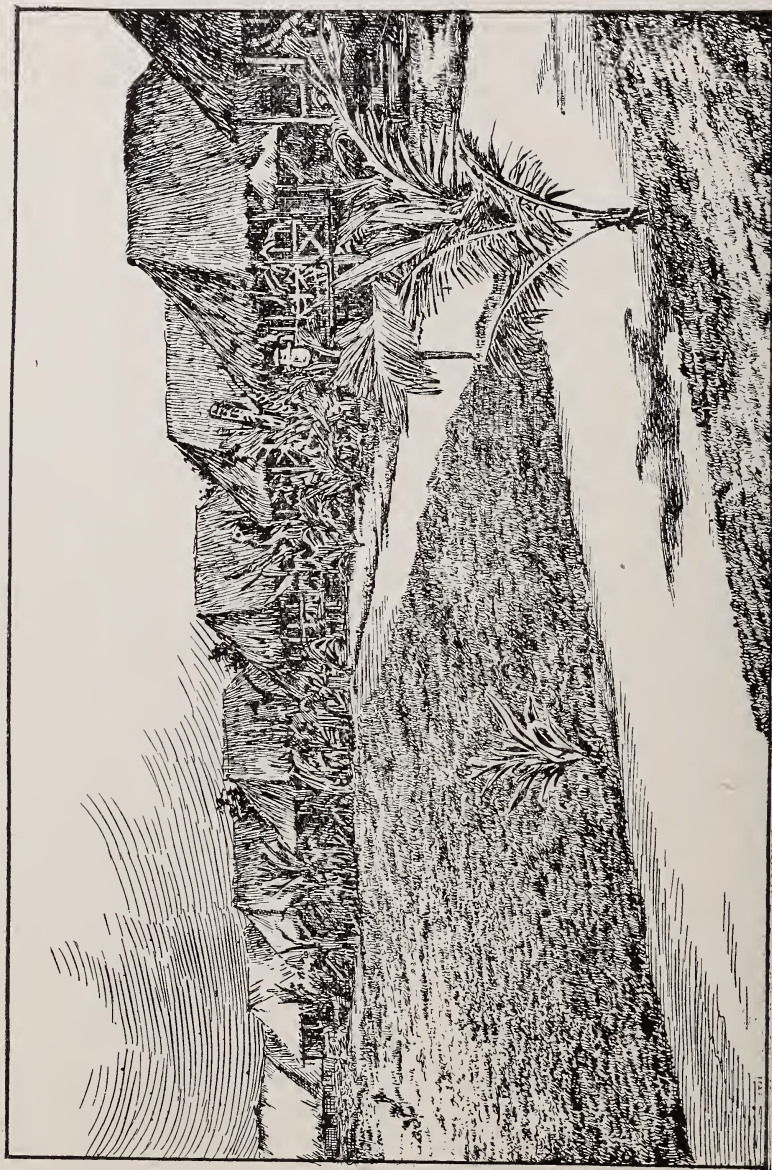
Away we went, fully eighteen hundred souls aboard, most of us taking the last squint at our native land for two full years—many taking the last for a very much longer time. Besides our entire regiment, one squadron of the Twelfth Cavalry and one battalion of the Engineer Corps were aboard. The "Thomas" is one of the largest transports in the service and had ample accommodations for the officers and troops aboard; but the game of politics, as played at Washington, has no rules requiring consideration for the comfort of Uncle Sam's men. We had to double up in the staterooms in order to allow civilians with a "pull" in Washington to make the trip at government expense, except for the mess bill which both civilians, officers and their families had to pay.

On previous trips, as Second Lieutenant, I had been furnished ample quarters; this time, when I really cared on account of my wife, we were crowded into the smallest staterooms on ship in a way that made the trip exceedingly unpleasant. As a First Lieutenant, I was entitled to better; but, with two other officers of the same rank, I was given the smallest room I ever saw in a boat built for white people, while our three wives occupied a separate room on the same deck. Our room had two bunks for the three men, the lowest in rank taking the settee.

"Anything goes" with a soldier, when it's in line of duty and necessary. I've spent the night on a hard tack box holding my feet up to keep them out of the swamp water, without the first thought of complaint. I have gone on short rations as we plodded all day in the scorching sun, and gloried in my powers of endurance. But being packed in like sardines to make room for people who were not compelled, as we were, to be on this particular ship, was nothing less than an outrage. There was hardly an officer aboard who would not gladly have paid his own expenses on a passenger boat had it been possible to obtain per-







Officers' Quarters at Malabang

mission. But we were with troops. We had our daily duties of instructing, inspecting and supplying them; and our services could not be dispensed with. As we were going for a very long tour it was right for the government to furnish transportation for our families. But the "rubberneck" with an obliging congressman had no duties or business on our ship, except the indifferent one of making us miserably uncomfortable and thoroughly disgusted with our higher officers at Washington with their abnormal weakness for obliging politicians. They were giving the children's meat for future high commissions and assignments. I don't say that this lost the army some efficient officers, but such treatment had its weight with many who resigned prior to 1908. An officer with the proper spirit will stand a great deal before giving up the service; but that does not alter the fact that such total disregard for those who devote their lives to the Old Flag is a disgrace to our Nation.

This trip was not so interesting as the journeys via the Suez Canal; as we made but one short stop, at Guam, and were not allowed to land there, because we had a case of measles on board. This disease seems to be extremely dangerous to the natives; and were told that a ship's crew had taken the disease ashore a few years prior to this we with the result that thousands had died. The palm trees and the white beach surely looked good to us, for we had not set eyes on a green leaf or a tuft of grass for more than three weeks.

Guam is one of our recent acquisitions, having been occupied by Admiral Glass in 1898 and ceded to the United States along with the Philippines. The story is told that the Spanish commander who surrendered received his first news of the war along with our Admiral's invitation to haul down his flag. On going into the harbor, the American ships dropped a few shells over the fort to let them know there was something stirring. Presently the commander's adjutant put out in a small boat and steered for our flag ship. Being shown to the admiral, he made profuse apologies for not "returning the salute," stating that the garrison was out of powder. It did not take the admiral long to convince the young man that such a state of affairs made immediate and unconditional surrender quite necessary.

Guam is the largest island of the Ladrone Archipelago, being about thirty miles in length and an average of six miles in width. It has a splendid harbor. The people are Chamorros, Tagalos and Malays. There are about 10,000 inhabitants on the island. These live by fishing and farming, all tropical products being easily cultivated.

We entered the harbor between immense cliffs covered with a beautiful variety of tropical vegetation. The basin within, surrounded by verdent shores, appeared far more attractive than I now believe them to be; but Mrs. Dudley, who got her first peep at our far off possessions here, can hardly forgive the man on board for having the measles at such an inopportune time.

The entire company was shocked and saddened on this voyage by the loss of two of our men overboard. A number of soldiers were leaning against the iron railing on the spar deck, aft, when it suddenly gave way, letting three fall into the water. Being a very good swimmer, I had not realized, up to this time, the great odds against a man out in the big waves. The ship's whistle gave the signal, life buoys were thrown out, and the boats lowered as quickly as possible; but the sea, which did not look very rough to us from the decks of the ship,



was almost too much for the life boats. One man was picked up, one other would have been saved but for his heroic refusal to desert his companion and swim for the floating buoy a few yards away. When finally forced to let his friend sink, the brave boy succeeded in getting two floating boxes under his arms. These were unmanageable and, when he let them go to reach for the line thrown from the forward deck, they floated out of reach. The line was missed, drawn in and passed again. It failed to reach him. By this time fully fifteen hundred faces were looking down at him, all wild with anxiety, all powerless to help him. The ship was moving slowly and the soldier was gradually drifting astern. The sailors raced madly to the poop deck to make another pass, while the ship's commander on the bridge gave the signal for the engines to back, in order to keep the boy alongside. That instant women's shrieks and men's groans rent the air! The horror and the pity of it was unbearable! The whirling propellers sucked him under. His strength was gone. We strained our eyes looking into the deep, but the white face never reappeared. The boats came in, bringing a soaked campaign hat tucked beneath the band of which was a half written letter to a mother whose heart would soon be broken.

A braver fight for life was never witnessed, nor have I ever seen a death so deeply affect so many people. The strong, young life was taken before our eyes—needlessly, we felt. Had the propellers started ten seconds sooner we could have saved him. Nor did we soon forget the boy soldier back there in the dark sea. Had he died in battle, as he was willing to do, it would not have been so sad; as it was, it seemed unreasonable, and we could not reconcile ourselves to the loss—and, too, he was almost within reach and we felt so sure of saving him. During the remainder of our voyage we were more like a funeral procession than a gay band of soldiers.

From Guam to Manila was not so long and tedious. We passed through the straits of San Bernardino sailing within a few miles of Mayon, the most perfect volcanic cone in the world. A thin, blue line of smoke was issuing from its crater. At night the volcano throws up a fiery glow which can be seen many miles out on the sea. It is near Albay Gulf on the Southern Coast of Luzon, and is said to be over 8000 feet high. Certainly it is as beautiful when looked upon from over the blue waters as it is terrible to the inhabitants near its base when in eruption. In three hundred years Mayon has been in violent eruption twenty-seven times. There is an army post not far from it, and officers who have been stationed there say that all the country round about is in a state of almost constant vibration. "My own" is the way they pronounce Mayon; but it's not Uncle Dudley's. You may have it for your own if you want it, but I've got business elsewhere!

In Manila harbor our regiment was transferred to the "Kilpatrick," a smaller transport than the "Thomas" and a twin sister to the "Buford." Notwithstanding the fascinations of being kinglets, we had a faint hope that we would be stationed nearer Manila on this tour, especially on account of the greater safety and convenience of our families. But the Division Commander thought our services would be more valuable in a country with which we were more familiar; so, back to the Moro Country we went. Our hearts sunk when they told us we were destined to occupy Malabang and Parang, beyond Zamabanga on the southern coast of Mandanao. Jolo was a centre of civilization



peace, comfort, and convenience compared to these Mindanao posts. Just a year prior to this General Pershing (then Major) and Colonel Baldwin (now General) had found the natives around Lake Lanao, a few miles from Malabang, to be formidable enemies. Indeed, some fierce fights and blood curdling stories were the results of the campaigning of these officers around Camp Vicars and Mrahui.

All this was known to us and it was with some misgivings that we took our wives to Malabang and Parang, though we found on arrival that the families of the officers of the 27th Infantry were there and that the stories, so far as they indicated any immediate danger, were misleading.

But there was another danger which added to our discomfort—Asiatic Cholera. There were two deaths from this terrible disease at Malabang on the day of our arrival. "Difficulties," said a philosopher whose name I do not recall, "vanish when we look them squarely in the face." By strictly obeying orders we had no trouble with the cholera. Drinking only boiled water and well cooked food, together with refraining from touching anything handled by the natives, rendered us absolutely immune.

At this good day there are better houses and more conveniences at these places, Parang being one of the most beautiful posts in the Islands, with roomy, comfortable quarters for officers and soldiers. But, at that time, we had nothing but nipa shacks and a scanty supply of these. The houses contained four small rooms, a hall running straight through, a kitchen, and a servant's room. A lieutenant and his family was allowed HALF of one of these. The walls were protection from sight only, as sound or cats could travel through them quite as well as if they were not there. Frequently we could hear the conversation in the third house down the line from us—provided the conversation of our next door neighbors was not too animated.

These little houses had narrow porches with railing around to prevent family parties from sitting together in the near-cool of twilight; but many of the officers built broad side varandahs at their own expense. Very few of the little front yards were improved when we arrived; for the poor 27th had been required to build twenty miles of road through the tropical jungle to Camp Vicars, and they had little time for making themselves comfortable. But we soon had things looking better, and, ere we had been there two months, we were fairly comfortable and reasonably content. We took "Home" there with us. Like Freedom, it is more or less a state of mind and heart. Our plucky American women, with a tact and home making genius worthy of their forest-conquering and nation-building ancestors, transformed the ugly little grass houses into veritable castles of comfort, beauty and luxury.

We laid off our yards and planted them with young palms and flowers. Shells, bricks, stones, and even a stray barrel of beer bottles, were pressed into service to make ornamental borders for walks. The huge orchids and air plants were taken from the jungle and suspended from the piazza roofs or attached to the posts. Figured cloth made wainscoting for the "company room," while the Quartermaster was besieged for old canvas for overhead ceilings. Baskets and many colored native mats were purchased to cover the rough hewn floors and serve as mural decorations. The flip-flop windows, also of nipa, were hinged at the top, being there tied with thongs, and propped open with long sticks. Until the ladies arrived no human being had ever seen a curtain adorn these. Soon

our windows were draped, and our cots were transformed into divans in a way that would have delighted the heart of the waste string and burlap editor of The Ladies Home Journal.

The Quartermaster furnished us with field ranges, some table ware and kitchen utensils, oil lamps and a few barrack chairs. These we supplemented with household effects brought with us.

The soldiers were quartered in long barracks of similar construction, situated across the parade ground from our row. They were very well provided, having folding cots, box lockers, arm racks, and the usual supply of bedding, mosquito bars, etc. The kitchen and mess hall for each company was near the end of the barracks and were furnished complete with the regular mess and cooking outfits supplied to posts.







The Duldey Quarters overlooking the Harbor at Parang.



## XIX

### The Woman's Part

**T**HE First Battalion of our Regiment, Companies A, B, C, and D, was stationed at Camp Vicars; the Second was divided, Company F at Tucuran, E and H at Parang, while G, my company, remained at Malabang with Headquarters and the entire Third Battalion. The five companies at Malabang were to take turns occupying the camp at Mataling Falls, on the road to Camp Vicars.

The Regiment sustained a heavy loss, ere it had been at its new station two months, by the serious illness of Colonel Thompson which necessitated his going to a hospital in Manila and, later, being sent to the states. He was made a Brigadier General and retired shortly afterwards and never returned to us. He struggled hard against the disease, not desiring to leave his command in its hour of need; and when we turned out to bid him good bye while the band played the "Twenty Third Infantry March" the fine old soldier wept as if his heart would break.

Colonel Thompson was a great contrast to another regimental commander whom I have in mind. Not a thousand years afterwards the 23rd got what you might call a "Lu-lu." Had the Regiment been of less impressionable material it would have gone to pieces so far as discipline and regimental pride is concerned. But the captains make or break a regiment, and we had the kind who stick by the old ship. This commander idiotically spouted statistics and unnecessarily routed his officers and men out of bed at un-heard-of hours and played favorites and rode hobbies and gossiped to juniors about their captains and otherwise brought himself into the contempt of self respecting men who love a square deal and scorn unfair means of gaining official favor.

Captains make or break; but this is to be qualified to a certain extent. They are the backbone and can hold things together even when Headquarters goes wrong; but a regiment must have a just and efficient commander to be all it should, both in efficiency and ESPRIT DE CORPSE. The commander must draw the line between things official and things social as surely as must the youngest lieutenant. When Lieutenant So-and-so is appointed Battalion Adjutant or Captain So-and-so is made Commissary, because he pays marked attention to the Colonel's daughter, or because he flatters the Colonel and runs to him with bits of regimental gossip, or for any other reason save length of service and the faithful performance of duty, then that regiment is going to suffer. Efficiency is no longer the standard, bootlicking and underhand methods become the means by which important details and distinctions (and even ordinary rights) are obtained. The class which stoops not to such things take a back seat in disgust and the smiling emissaries of deceit rule the roost.

This is true in civil life. Conditions which measure success by a false standard retard progress and demoralize government. Centuries ago the

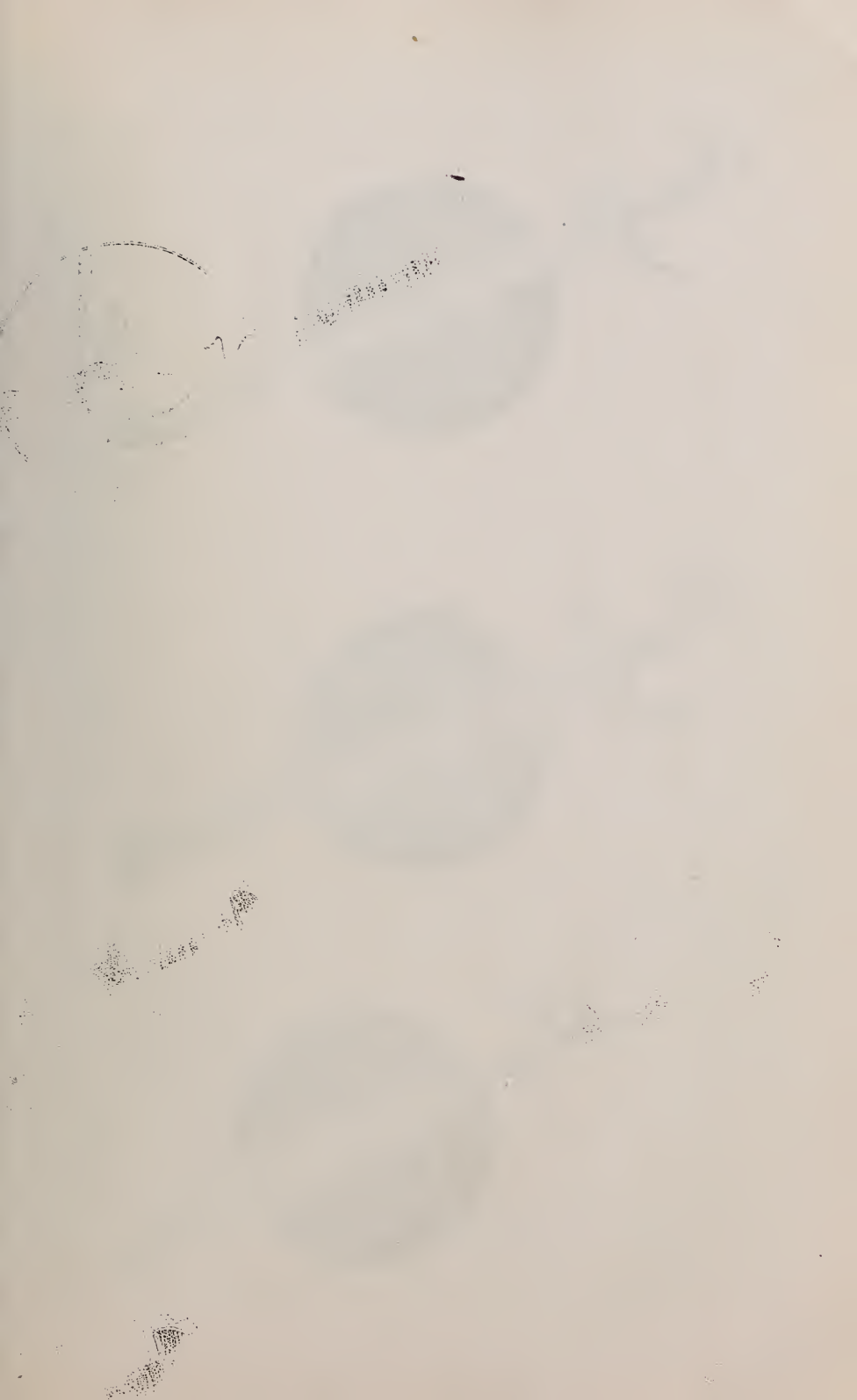
strongest arm ruled. With a muscle standard, industry, knowledge, and fair dealing were discouraged. Nowadays, money and hypocrisy are in the saddle. Now, if the men who can advocate the most fallacious ideas of government and the men who can amass the most wealth by hard dealing, trickery, or otherwise, are to have the prizes, it does not act as a stimulant to young men to strive for the attainment of better than these. Furthermore, it does not place our affairs in the hands of those who will act with the high purpose of serving the whole people for their greater happiness or further advancement.

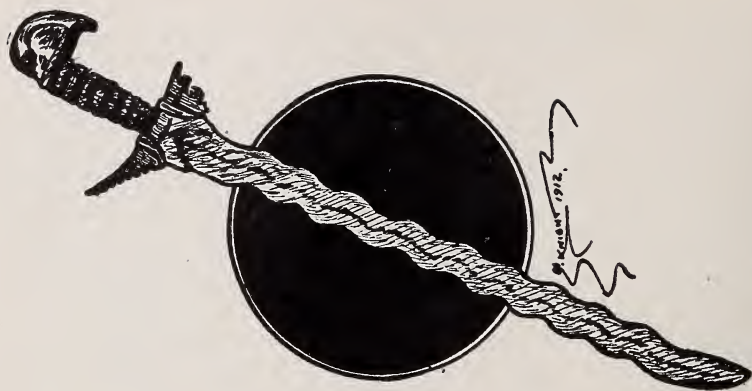
At present there seems to be no way to avoid the money standard without taking upon ourselves the greater dangers and follies of socialism; but it is a problem which we must solve some day. The man in the community who has the most money, the village banker who charges the well-to-do six per cent, the small business eight per cent, and the poor devil from twelve to twenty,—is he the best man? But he has more influence, he has more ease, more luxury. That's the money standard. Does it encourage the youth to devote his life to the unselfish service of his people? Does it make men love work for the work's sake?

But the money standard is the only possible standard until human nature is refined to the point where the average man looks for true worth before financial rating. When that day comes we will have Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. It is a far, far distant day, but one which is well worth striving to bring nearer, though it comes not until our bones are mouldered to dust. You can do something towards it by giving the true man a lift whenever you can; and by forming the habit of knowing who he is among your immediate friends and neighbors. Not all the noble deeds are performed in the pages of books. Is it possible to see heroism in the daily lives of our fellows—if we're looking out for it.

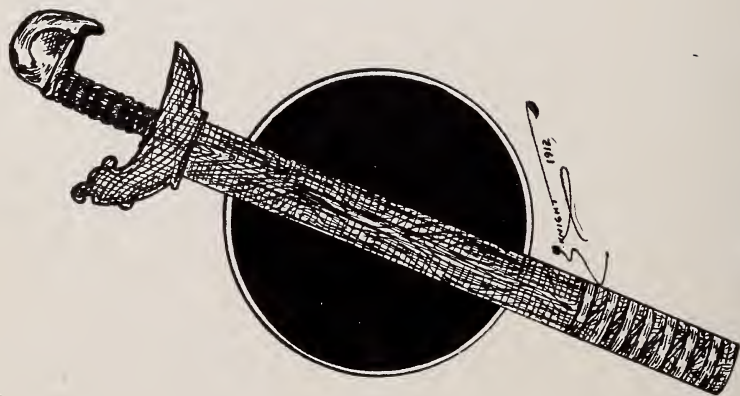
At this time your Uncle Dudley was with "G" Company under Captain Dick Croxton, having received this assignment at Plattsburgh when promoted to the grade of First Lieutenant. Well, Croxton was one of the unfortunates who wanted his command to have all that was due by regulations (and a little more), but was not willing to toady to the commanding officer to get it. Consequently we got the tough end of the stick to chew, and when it came our turn to dwell in leaky tents at Mattaling Falls our beloved Colonel saw to it that we got a double dose. The idea was for each Malabang company to take an equal turn at this very disagreeable station, but the "exigencies of the service" seemed to demand that we stay longer than usual. But we had a good bunch in "the Dutch Koompanee" in those days and we made the best of it. Big Sherman White was our Second Lieutenant and Dr. Brown, from Tennessee, the champion bug catcher and lexicographer of the immediate vicinity, was also of the party. White had quite a bit of work to do in charge of the road gang, necessitating his running many risks with his neck on that lonesome road; but he found considerable time in which to help us whittle sticks, play set back, and wish we could sleep off the remaining weeks of the tour.

Mrs. Dudley was fortunate in having a most charming companion in the house with her at Malabang during this long separation—Mrs. Sherman White, mother of our Second Lieutenant. But the time dragged heavily for all of us.

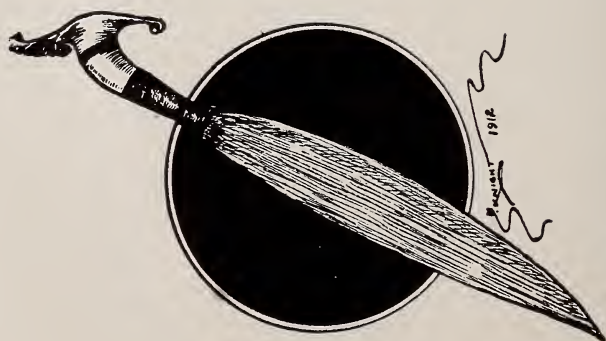




Moro Kris



Moro Kris



Moro Barong



Too much honor can not be given the brave women who follow their loved ones into such a dangerous and disagreeable wilderness. Your Aunt Dudley is the worthy daughter of a well known Alabamian of iron nerve and indomitable will and the sore trials of this two years' exile proved her to be a "chip off the old block." She had her pistol and knew how to shoot it. Many were the occasions of night alarm when we snatched up our revolvers simultaneously and waited in the darkness for the time to act.

But the hardest of all was the parting. Wives and mothers who know what it is to buckle the sword on their husbands and sons, pack their knapsacks, and bid them farewell—possibly forever—know the anguish of it. Others can not know. It is far more trying on those left behind, for their imaginations run riot while they sit and wait, day in and day out, until they are almost frantic with suspense. A step on the door may mean news from the front—what is it! Speak, quick! There was a fight miles away in the jungle, days ago—several men killed—just a few words sent by runner to say that the command had routed the enemy and was moving further up the river. Who was killed? It was not stated; one of Croxton's men and an officer. Days might elapse before the full report would come and the wounded be brought in. In the meantime the fearing hearts were tortured. We knew our loved ones were safe and that the danger we faced was not great; but how could they know? We had the action, the excitement, and the encouragement of success: They had the loneliness and the anguish.

After the campaign against Datto Ali commenced, I was in the field fully half the time, in only a small part of which was I in immediate danger; but my brave wife suffered as much as if I were in constant jeopardy of life. We were sixty miles up the Rio Grande river in the heart of Mindanao, some of the time being spent in security and oppressive inaction; but the news of fights at various points in the valley were just as disconcerting to her, for she knew not where we were the greater part of the time.

I loved the old Regiment, the old Flag, and the service—I love them yet;—but I loved the wife whose devotion was tried in this fire and proven pure and beautiful and strong. It was against her expressed wishes that I resigned my commission, but in so doing I sacrificed the less to the greater. What I have learned in Uncle Sam's army is at his service should the need be great; but until that time comes your Uncle Dudley will remain a working member of the Sovereign Citizenship. Much as I love the army, I do not regret my decision. Army girls are accustomed to the life and know what they are going into; but the others don't. A man has no right to take one who loves him into such a life unless she knows of its hardships and sorrows. A marriage license and a commission in the army are not good companions, as a general rule.

A woman will sacrifice more for love than a man, and many are the true hearts who continue to face it cheerfully, as mine would have done; but it is not the happiest life, by any means. It is hard for the young officers to be denied home and love, and they will continue to try to solve the problem, fortune favoring some until they would pronounce my view severe; but the great majority of married officers would be far happier in civil life and quite as useful to their country. A short time after our tour at Mataling Falls, Major General Wood took command of the Department of Mindanao and Jolo. Reports

of trouble around Lake Lanao and down in Jolo continued to come in, and our General was not a man to be trifled with. He was for having the row NOW, if it had to be settled that way. More than a year before our arrival two fierce battles had been fought at Forts Binadian and Pandapaten near Camp Vicars, the camp being named for a gallant officer of the 27th Infantry who was killed in one of those fights. General Baldwin commanded in that campaign, but was succeeded by Captain John Pershing, of the Cavalry, who won a Brigadier General's commission in this and subsequent campaigns about Lake Lanao. The wild hill men of the lake with their deadly knives, their fanaticism, and their knowledge of the swamps and jungles, were, indeed, formidable foes; and the courage of our men and their leaders is not to be discounted by the idea that our weapons gave us the advantage.

General Wood ordered an expedition around the lake and, in characteristic fashion, led it himself. There were two troops of Cavalry and eight or ten companies of Infantry, our company being one of them. It took us three days to go from Vicars to Marahui. We were too many for them, and the murderous forts were found empty as we came successively upon them. Though our command was not half as large as Baldwin's, they remembered the fearful lesson. Camp Vicars, however, was never exempt from night attacks even after our demonstration.

On the trip from Malabang I bruised my foot and, though I struggled hard to keep in the column, I was forced to take to the boats on the third day from Vicars and go to the field hospital at Marahui. Three or four days afterwards, when the command which had passed Marahui and was skirting the other shore, headed towards the starting point, news of an outbreak at Jolo was rushed through. Our column was faced about and marched to Camp Overton, from thence by boat they were taken to Jolo on what was officially termed "The second expedition from Mindanao to Jolo."

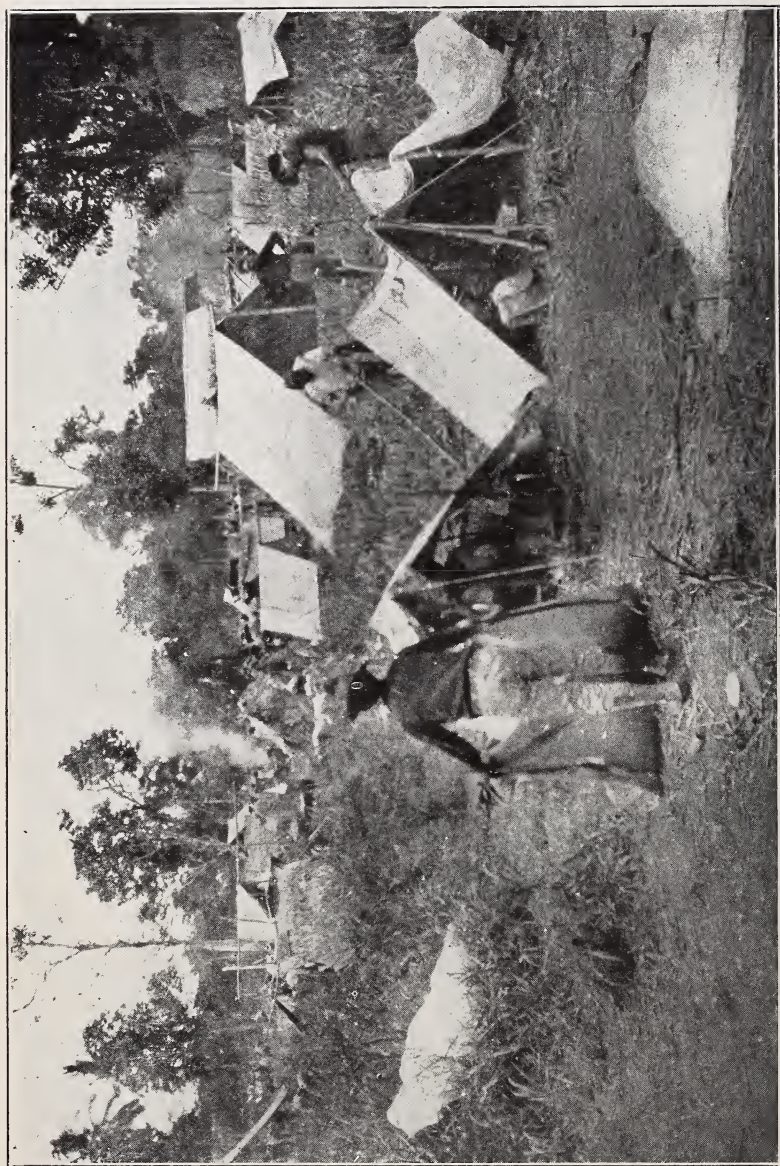
Now it is not nice to be in the hospital with as small a thing as a swollen foot when one's company is in the toils. The folks who don't like you smile as they say "injured foot," no matter how seriously incapacitated you may be. Besides, I wanted to be with my crowd and do my part. The Doctor was, therefore, prevailed upon to lance the foot before it was ready and I bounced a Q. M. wagon and joined the company at Camp Overton on the day after their arrival. En route the six mules ran away and I jumped off just before the wagon plunged over a bank, but it gave the foot another excuse for trouble. On arrival in the harbor at Jolo I had to be carried to the hospital where my old school teacher, William F. Lewis, then a Major and Surgeon, took me in charge.

Meantime the command went after Pang Lima Hassan. News of battles reached us daily and once we could hear the reports of the field pieces on the mountain several miles away. Colonel Scott, now commanding the Third Cavalry, was brought in with both hands shot to pieces and laid in the ward adjoining me. We thought him mortally wounded at the time.

Those were bitter hours for me. Croxton and White, Sergeants Buerkle, Yopp, and the men were out there doing their part bravely and winning honors, while I could not walk with an ailment which would be completely cured by two or three days time—days which swallowed up my chance to "make good." The men came in, I joined them in camp outside the walls, and we sailed away in a few days—back to Malabang.







In Camp at Simpetan



## Hiking On The Rio Grande

**S**OON after this something very pleasant happened; we were ordered to Parang where our beloved Major Hodges was in command. In the hard months following, he and his noble wife made us everlastingly their debtors for the fatherly and motherly attention to the lonesome, homesick Alabama girl, during my absence in the field.

Dalto Ali, the hereditary ruler of all the Moros in the broad valley of the Rio Grande, went on the war path early in 1904. From that time until our departure from the Islands in May 1905 we were almost continually campaigning in this territory. Ali raised a disturbance. A force was sent after him but he was not taken, and the controversy was not settled. Thinking the Americans could be as successfully defied as were the Spaniards in former days, Ali moved up the river about sixty miles to Saranai, in the neighborhood of Pikit, and constructed a large fort. General Wood took some Infantry, Cavalry (which always went on foot in the Rio Grande Valley) and Captain Gattley's battery of Light Artillery, and moved against the stronghold. It was short work for Gattley's three inch guns at 2500 yards to shell them out; and when the Infantry and Cavalry firing line reached the breastworks, Ali and his warriors were in full and hasty retreat—the worst surprised bunch of natives that ever cut throats for pleasure.

Ali escaped, taking refuge many miles further up the river where he could retreat towards the Sapacan country on Lake Liguasan. Companies were detached and sent in pursuit, but the wiley fugitive easily evaded them. As peace in the valley was not to be had until Ali was captured and his prestige destroyed, the chase was kept up after the withdrawal of the large force. It was urged, and with good grounds, that Ali would never be taken until small forces which would encourage him to fight were sent against him. As the large gathering of Moros were dispersed in terror at the taking of the fort, it was thought that the leader had but half a hundred or so of his personal following.

So it was that Colonel Van Orsdale and the 17th Infantry, with headquarters at Cottabato, were left to hunt down the fugitive. First Lieutenant Winfield Harper, with a force of thirty men, was sent up the river past Cabacsalan, Pikit, and around into the Lake Liguasan vicinity. After many days of plodding through the mud and intense heat, Harper and his men struck a live scent near Simpetan. This day was one of storm and blood. The little band was struck by a terrific wind and rain as they struggled through the mud and forced their way through the thick undergrowth.

The path leading into Simpetan passed through a series of deep water holes lined by a dense hedge. The growth on the far side of the holes was bristling with concealed rifles and small cannon (lantakas,) the latter being

loaded with nails, iron slugs, and stones. An outpost had fired on the column and was driven in; but, as they had retreated in a different direction from the path through the water holes, Harper, no doubt, thought he was making a flank movement. With the lights before him it looked wise, for no one suspected Ali's cunning.

Lieutenant Hall was with the advance guard which was then only a few yards ahead of the main body with which Lieutenants Harper and Woodruff marched. When Hall crossed the first large mud hole his squad passed into eternity. The roar of the lantakas, the rattle of musketry, and the savage shrieks of exultation (which make one's blood run cold) were the first warning to Harper and his men that they were in a death trap.

Single file is the only formation in which men can march in that rough country, and the Americans were practically with their flank to the enemy. But the firing came from all sides. Lieutenant Woodruff ran up to the point after the first volley and dropped dead at the fatal mud hole. In the confusion which followed it was impossible to form an effective fighting line. The men jumped into the tall grass on either side of the path and fired at the sound, nor were they assembled save in retreat. Three times did Harper, desperate, heart broken, despairing, rush right into the teeth of it, crossing the mud hole where lay the bodies of Woodruff and his brave men; but he could do nothing. The grass at this point was ten feet high, and from all sides of the path came the groans of the wounded and dying—blood, confusion, horror, death! Ah, Harper, Harper, how you must have envied the cold, lifeless form of Woodruff at your brave, brave feet! It was a mistake of judgement; but Eternal God, what a mistake! Seldom has man shown such fearlessness of death to such a little purpose. They were gone. Woodruff's sweet faced wife at Cattabato was a widow, and the mothers and sweethearts of seventeen Americans would soon know the anguish which is life's greatest trial. The strong, young bodies were soon to be hacked and carved and spat upon by fiendish heathen, and left for the wild hogs' carnival.

Had Harper stopped when he drove in the outpost and waited until he had the enemy's position located, he would undoubtedly have averted the catastrophe. It is folly to attempt to fight an enemy under cover unless you know what you're doing, and the man in command can not afford to take long chances after an outpost has fired on him. With all possible caution, the native has the advantage. He can fight or he can run, or both. When he runs, he knows how to evade the invader. He knows the side paths, the rivers with jungle favorable to successful ambushes, and he moves rapidly and without having to wait for his command.

With extreme difficulty the remainder of that band of sorrow stricken men made their way to the river where they constructed rude rafts and drifted for days, arriving at Reina Regente half starved and physically broken. Harper's hair was gray when I saw him the week after, when our companies mobilized at Cabacalan Island.

The news was a shock to the entire department. It was a small fight, having hardly the dignity of a skirmish, but over fifty per cent. of the command was wiped out. To the men engaged, it was a terrible battle. To the friends and comrades, it was a massacre which must be avenged completely and speedily;





Map of The Rio Grande Valley



and I am not sorry that it fell to my lot to put the fear of God and respect for Uncle Sam into the breasts of some of the surviving savages and to make "good Moros" out of many more who now sleep in Allah's bosom.

Almost immediately after the news of the Simpetan massacre reached us General Wood's orders commenced to flash over the cables from Zambanga to Malabang, Camp Vicars, Parang, and Cottabato. Companies from the 17th and 23rd Infantry, and Troops from the 14th Cavalry, received orders to prepare to take the field immediately. "G" Company had not been in the fort storming expedition and I knew, even before the order arrived, that we would be included. Better still, Captain Croxton was in Manila and your Uncle Dudley would lead the "Dutch Koompanee" in those glorious charges! Just think of it! Whoop pee! Dress on the colors, Boys, for by the Jumping Jingoos, we're going in! Well, not exactly that, but it was fine. MY COMPANY! That sounds sweet to youngster (who isn't so young, after all), I realized that it was a grave responsibility and it appealed less to my vanity than to my more or less commendable pride. It was an opportunity to "make good," to put into practice my ideas of leading and caring for men in the field. I was glad, and proud, and happy; and I entered into the work of getting my command ready with the keenest interest. At the quarters the men were whistling and singing; the Quartermaster Sergeant was drawing rations and sending details to the wharf therewith; the two days cooked rations for the halversacks were being prepared; the First Sergeant was giving orders, making details and assignments and superintending everything under my instructions. But it was quite different down on officers' row, where a heavy hearted little Alabama girl was packing my blanket roll and preparing dainty morsels for my halversack. It was late that night before the boat arrived and we sailed out across the harbor toward the mouth of the Rio Grande, and when I left your Aunt Dudley struggling to keep back the tears my heart was very heavy.

There was a round of hand shaking at Cottabato as the friends from other stations came in, but over it all was a pall of suppressed gloom occasioned by the loss of our comrades. When the arms were stacked, men gathered in little groups and discussed the absorbing topic of the moment. We learned of the daring venture, the hard march, Harper's desperate bravery, and the cruel details of the fight. Many rumors were afloat as to Ali's whereabouts. Two of the men thought to be dead had been taken alive and sent in with a message to Colonel Van Orsdale. It seemed that Ali was alarmed at the enormity of the thing he had done, and was going thus far to secure quarter in the conflict. But no other atonement was offered and no opportunity was given to communicate with him.

At daylight the next morning "G" Company, on board a large, sea-going launch, swept up the placid Rio Grande as the ripples from the foaming bow trailed obliquely to the rear until they kissed the grassy fringe-concealed banks a hundred yards away on either side. The yellow glow in the East brightened into beautiful dawn and the pale beams shimmered on the waters and sparked in the leaves of the dew clothed palm trees. The crocodiles gazed a moment in amazement before churning the water in protesting flight; while the wild fowls of the river, shrieking disapproval of our intrusion, soared grandly over the trees to join the chattering monkeys back where jungle and swamp had

established neutral ground.

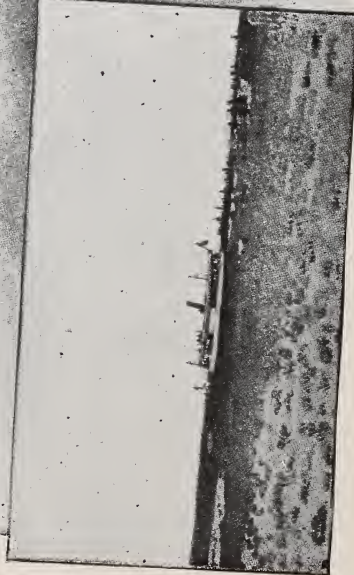
Our orders were to proceed to Cabacsaian Island, go into camp, and await the arrival of the Department Commander. This we did, arriving a short time before noon and pitching our little "dog tents" on the high, dry ground near the river banks. Just across the river from our camp was an outlet to Lake Liguasan, while the river divided above us and formed the island on which we were encamped. I had a large tent fly for Lieutenant White and myself and we enjoyed the luxury of folding cots for the few days we remained at this place.

General Wood's boat arrived on the following day and the officers of higher rank than the captain were summoned aboard to impart information and receive instruction. The navy was represented by Lieutenants Bissett, Miller, and Ensign John Church. Two small gun boats, the "Calliope," "Pampang," and the launch "Gardoqui" were also anchored in the river.

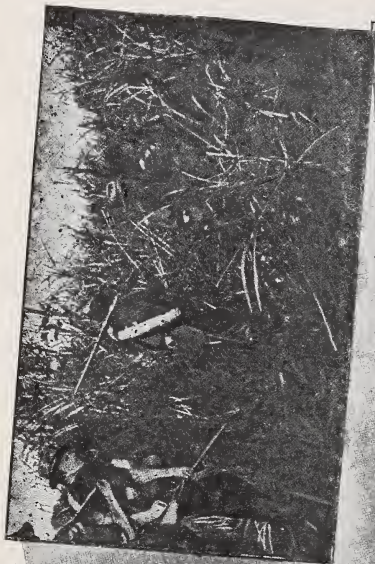
It was soon apparent that Datto Ali cared not a fig for our big force as long as he had his swamps and canoes and could slip through our fingers at pleasure. He would not stop to argue matters, being very busy elsewhere. General Wood was heard to say that he WOULD have Ali, if it took all summer—which it did, plus another summer and a considerable number of added weeks. But that's another story.







In camp at Cabaesalan  
The Guardoqui and Vintas in the "cabbage patch."



Where Harper's Men fell  
Camp at Pandag.



## XXI

### A Voyage O'er The Desolate Waters

**B**EYOND a doubt you have gazed upon the beautiful scene "where splendor falls on castle walls and snowy summits, old and hoary; and the long light shakes across the lakes; and the wild cataract leaps in glory!" Well, that's all right; and one can hear the martial notes of the silver bugle (in one's mind's eye) and hear the splendid echoes "dying, dying, dying," until one could write poetry by the lineal meter; but the point is, Liguasan was not that kind of a lake. The castle walls were "dog tents" set down close to the centipedes, and the bugles sang not at all save to warn us that it was time to get up and move along.

We thought Liguasan was more or less an unfrequented resort, but evidently, the festive humorist had been there. The man who named the Liguasan mudhole "lake" perpetrated a grim joke on the human race. It's like is not upon the face of the earth—let us hope.

With three dayscooked rations, consisting of hard bread, cans of meat, beans, and tomatoes, and a bulk supply of sugar and ground coffee, we embarked one morning for a trip across Lake Liguasan. The idea was to reach Pandag by boat and march from thence to Buluan and around the lake to Simpetan, the scene of Harper's catastrophe. We were well supplied with long vintas—my company having seven or eight of them. We also had about ten natives to the company who carried packs of bulk rations and ammunition on land, and paddled the boats by water. Not that they did all the paddling by any means, for the soldiers took regular turns; but the natives keep at it constantly and did valuable service. These were friendly Moros hired by the Quartermaster's department.

Pack mules are the soldiers' delight on long marches; in more civilized countries the army wagon is a joy forever; but when one is wading the streams, plodding the swamps and pushing through the jungles of Mindanao, such luxuries are not to be thought of. The "Cargadore," the human pack animal and handy man, is the real thing. These we had and the memory of the faithful, never tiring, uncomplaining, little ugly-visaged fellows, raises the Moro in my estimation even unto this day. If the boat goes aground, out flops Mr. Cargadore into the water and pushes us off. When you get into camp he rustles fire wood; if you are thirsty, he climbs a cocoanut tree and provides you with the sweet, cooling beverage, his ready "bolo" having cut through the thick covering. Oh, he's a joy!

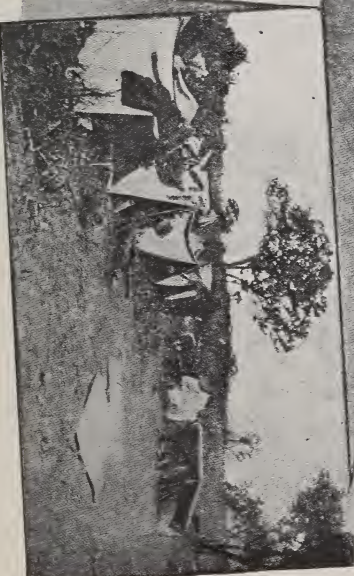
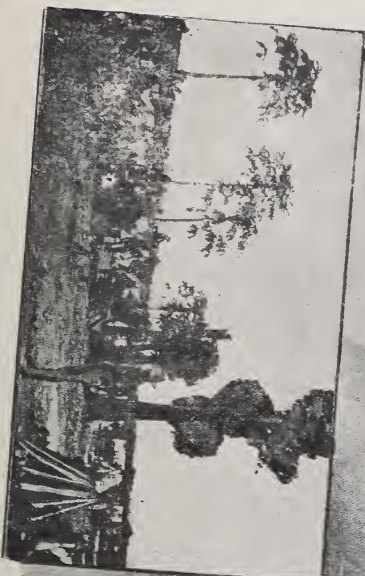
And while I am on the subject, let me pause to pay fitting tribute to the memory of that true soldier, that splendid patrot, gentleman and scholar, that angel of ministration, who was cool water to my tired limbs, rest to my weary feet and "chow" to my hungry mouth—Francesco, my field valet, better designated by his Spanish title, "Muchacho." One peso (50 cents) a day I paid him,

but he was worth a double eagle a minute. He was an unofficial member of the command on the private pay roll of the officer he served. He pitched my tent while I looked after the camp and saw to the many necessary details. When I returned to the comfortable tent ready to drop with heat and exhaustion, but not daring to do so for fear of besmearing the dry, inviting blanket with the filthy ooze and mud with which I was reeking, this delight of my life would have the dry trousers unrolled and a can of water wherewithal to bathe. Nor would he be content until he had, by means of his big quart cup, given me the daily shower which was life and comfort and pleasure. Then he would hie him to the cooking pots and procure the delightful black coffee and the precious provender for the complete replenishment of the inner man. Francesco, Bonipassia, Autonio, each of you have, on different occasions, ministered to me in times of tribulation and sore necessity. You took my silver and you stold my tobacco; yes, you white livered rascals, you sneaked to the rear when the air got blue and had fuzz in it; but, let me tell you, you conscienceless, uncultured heathen, if I ever see you, collectively, severally or jointly, I will put glad raiment and much fine linen upon your measley hides, a gold coin in your light fingered hands, and strong wine in your limitless internal cavity. There's a good bed, plenty to eat, and a month's pay for you at Parang Cotta in the Land of the Sky where the balo cutteth not the goozed in twain. I love you, you black thief, I love you!

But, as I was just starting to remark a second ago, we embarked one morning on an expedition across and around Lake Liguasan. This must have been the third day after our arrival at Cabacsalan, as the second was taken up by sending out a few reconnoitering parties. We swung across the river and into the outlet which was very swift for several hundred yards. The water was full of floating bunches slightly resembling lettuce heads which we referred to then and ever afterwards as "cabbages." I believe they are a species of water lilly. After a few miles these became so thick that we could hardly shove the boat through them, and we soon overtook the preceding companies and the launches engaged in clearing a passage for the boats. The water was from ten to twenty feet deep here, making it easily navigable for the big steam launches, but the floating vegetation was so thick that the Moros could rest prone upon it without sinking. A large block of this would be detached by pushing the small boats through it, then a native would get on the mass holding a rope by which the boats would slowly tow it out into the current. Other vintas would then get behind and race it off down the channel. The launches towed much of this away after working up into it and breaking the way, but the handy Moro divers were frequently called upon to take the cabbage off the propeller blades, as they would churn around in the slush until they resembled revolving bales of hay.

Lieutenant Bissett, in command of the Naval outfit, gave an order to Ensign Peterson ("Pete") on this occasion which will remain unique and unimitated in the annals of Naval warfare. Standing in the bow of the larger launch he shouted to the commander of the small ship's launch: "Pollioc, there! Mr. Peterson, port your helm and head over into that starboard grass!" "Aye, aye, sir!" yelled Pete, as he churned the cabbages and swore softly to himself.

General Wood was on the larger launch looking his approval as we made



The Gunboat "Samar" carrying two companies up the Rio Grande to Cabacsalan Island. Another view of the Camp at Cabacsalan.

Crossing Lake Liguasan in a Vinta. Our camp at Buluan.





headway to reduce our stock of cabbage on hand. It looked like an impossible task to cross that lake, but if he was discouraged there were no indications forthcoming. His idea, when an obstacle was met, was to OVERCOME it. During this most disagreeable hike he marched at the head of my company a great part of the time, eating canned beef that we could hardly get down our throats with a ramrod, taking his jolts without swearing, sleeping on the ground and marching without apparent fatigue. Leading four companies was a small joo for a Major General, yet he entered into it with his whole mind and strength as if it were an expedition across the Alps. He loaded us so heavily with ball cartridges that the men were almost cut in two at the close of the first day, but he saw the point and had them packed on the negroes the next day. He was always at the front when we thought the enemy near and he was always equal to the occasion. The greatest trouble about his heading the procession was that he never tired, and it kept the men humping to keep up with him.

This expedition enabled me to learn the secret of General Wood's greatness—and, of a truth, he is the greatest man in the army. If we have a great war during his days of activity, the nation will appreciate him. He will "deliver the goods," and he will not be satisfied with giving a good excuse. Incidentally, he will march the very heels off the boys if he takes a notion—for he is quite as strenuous as his friend Teddy. But the secret: doing a little job as thoroughly and as well as if it were the task of Hercules. He is inclined to listen too much to the bootlickers who invariably surround personages of high rank, but this is more his own misfortune than that of others. All of his mistakes in getting the proper equation of his line officers has been due to this error.

After encountering and overcoming several cabbage patches, we struck a clear trail through the waters and made about six miles before darkness came upon us. The big launch dropped anchor and we tied alongside with our canoes, making quite a yard of boats, extending in every direction from the launch. We slept in the open boats—that is, we endured several hours of torture and went through a sort of stupor from exhaustion during the wee hours of the morning. We found we had kinsfolk in the Islands. That is, the mosquitos which descended with the darkness called us "cousin—cous-inne—coosiennee—zipp! zingg!" Even the natives groaned and grunted. At no time during the night was there less than three on every square inch of exposed human flesh in that expedition. That was a night to be remembered, one of those occasions wherein eight or nine hours are so many days, to all intents and purposes. The next night we camped in a marsh and the rain stood four inches deep in the bottoms of our tents, this being followed by the hardest March of my life—from Pandag to Buluan.

Before dawn we were astir, working the little cooking galley on the "Gardoqui" overtime cooking great cans of coffee and passing them out to the boats. We took our cups of the steaming beverage in the boats and sipped it like wine, munching our hard bread and beef as the natives got the boats under way.

We made the remainder of the journey to Pandag without the "Guardoqui," which had reached it's head of navigation. From this on it was a pro-

cession of vintas. The water channel led through tall grass which kept the wind out and let the intense heat of the sun beat upon us. The heat and the glare of the water chapped our faces, cracking the lips until they bled. There seemed to be no end—on and on and on. Once we passed through a large sheet of clear water over which our long boats raced as the paddles flashed and sparkled in the sun. Then we struck more cabbage patch, through which we crept by main strength and awkwardness.

During the day we saw many curious and beautiful varieties of water fowl. There were huge cranes with legs seven feet long, ducks, curlew, and a large number of others, the names and features of which were unfamiliar. Along towards evening we passed through water of a deep amber color with a decidedly sulphurous and unpleasant odor. Our silver collar devices turned a brassy color. It was the water from Lake Buluan which is the most curious body of water I have ever seen. On the surface floated small, black, spongy masses similar to that which may sometimes be seen in the edges of stagnant frog ponds. At the time I could hardly decide whether the water was polluted by decayed vegetation or saturated with sulphur; but the coloring of our silver rank bars plus the odor of decayed vegetable matter convinced me that it was both.

Some curious stories are told of Lake Buluan. The natives say it was formed hundreds of years ago by the explosion of a mountain which stood where the water now is. They say many people perished and the land was covered in darkness for many days. Not being able to find any historical mention of such an enormous disturbance I am not able to express an opinion as to the probable truth of this story which has been handed from generation to generation; but I do know that desolate Lake Buluan looks the part. Let scientists investigate

We reached soft ground at Pandag and went into camp at sunset. The rain descended in torrents and the lightning played hide and seek down our tent rows. I sat on some cracker boxes the greater part of the night. Instead of "the long light shakes across the lakes" it was the lightning wakes the toads and snakes; for the centipedes also came in out of the wet and kept us shifting our positions to make room for them.

Now I was NEVER a rude fellow, and the fact that I was larger than our little visitors did not prompt me to be selfish and overbearing. When a poor centipede came gliding in to take refuge from the inclemency of the weather, I jumped up and gave him my warm place on the box. Far be it from me to appear inhospitable on such an occasion! The hundred footed gentleman with a poison fang in every foot commands my profound respect. Yes, sir, you can have the whole tent—don't mind me, that's all right, old pal! I'll be back after awhile! I really enjoy the rain! From two o'clock until morning, after the rain had ceased, we amused ourselves around the fire making coffee and jesting at our miserable plight. Bright and early we hit the roughest trail in this solar system, bound for Buluan. I believe it was near ten miles, but it seemed a thousand. We crept through swamps, waded streams, and stumbled over stones. Arriving at Buluan about noon we crossed the river in vintas and pitched our tents on the sweet, dry ground. We had slept practically none for three days and nights; and oh, it was glorious! Just to flop down on the ground



## XXII

### A Little Dash Of Trouble

**A**FTER a half day and night of sleep at Buluan we were ready to penetrate further into the wilds. We hiked out for Simpetan, arriving there by two hard marches. The way was similar to the Pandag trail, grassy fields alternating with marsh and rivers which we waded holding our ammunition and blanket rolls above our heads. A part of our force was left at Buluan to guard that position, but four companies constituted our column, Companies C, L, and G, 23rd Infantry, and H, 17th Infantry. At Simpetan we met two troops of "foot cavalry," of the 14th, which had not crossed the lake with us, but had proceeded up the river and across country via Innagook and Cabucan.

We camped at Simpetan one night. The remains of Harper's men were taken from the field and packed in small boxes, they having lain in the tropical sun for many days and been mutilated by the wild animals. Officers and soldiers were identified by their leggings, clothing, and bones. It was a sickening and horrible sight. The hospital corps men fumigated the remains so that they could be transported without much trouble or inconvenience.

Returning over the same route, we recrossed the lake and reached Cabacsalan quite as tired and sleepy as we were at Buluan. I turned in a few hours before daylight and was awakened about ten o'clock by the prettiest man I ever saw. He was clad in a shining suit of pure white and his face was wreathed with smiles. As he touched me with his silver tipped swagger stick I could think of nothing but the good fairy turning the beast back to a prince. The vision of loveliness was Ensign John Church, commander of the "Pampanga," one of Uncle Sam's clean little gun boats. He took me aboard and furnished the facilities wherewith I divested my person of all minerals and metals which my flowing beard had collected during these trying days. Could you have seen us that morning, resembling wild men or monkeys more than folks, you would appreciate with me the magnitude of the debt I owe the said John Church. The Navy men have their troubles, but these are more than offset by the exemption from sleeping in the mud as we had to do. The Navy chaps are "good eggs." The average citizen thinks of them as standing on the broad decks of the big fighting machines controlling and directing the ships and the fire of the batteries; but to me comes the picture of little, snow-white decks, charming fellows, and some delightful food and drink. Many are the occasions when they have pulled us out of the mud and gained our undying gratitude.

Other than some volley firing, at a small party of retreating natives near Pandag on our return, we had no opportunity to get at the foe on the entire trip. Our force was too large; and, of course, they saw us first and decided that it would not be to their advantage to tackle us. During the entire cam-



paign after Ali I never heard of his fighting when he did not consider the odds ten to one in his favor.

After a few days rest we made another journey with four companies up the river, making the main camp at Cabucan and scouring the country round about with smaller parties. Everywhere we saw deserted houses—they had taken to the hills. On our return we stopped for a day or two at Pikit where my Captain joined us and took command of the company and we heard of Young's fight at Buluan. Company "K", 23rd Infantry, with Lieutenant Frederick S. Young commanding, and Troop "A", 14th Cavalry, with Lieutenant Hume, were left in camp at Buluan. This was the proper sized force to encourage an attack. They were fired on in the night, the foe departing before daylight. Young followed and caught them unawares, but the intervening river prevented his gaining a complete victory and, possibly, capturing Ali. As it was they had a fierce little skirmish in which Lieutenant Lewis was shot through the lung and several soldiers wounded. Young killed and wounded about forty of the enemy. Our men were lying in the water during the entire engagement, and the showing they made was most creditable.

We were relieved in the valley by fresh troops and sent to our stations for a few weeks rest and recuperation; but it was not long until we were again at it. The center of activities was the fort at Reina Reigente and the block house at Kuderangan, though a permanent camp was established at the old Spanish fortification at Pikit.

Datto Piang, Ali's half brother, a Chinese half breed, figured prominently in affairs these days. He was, by far, the richest and most influential Datto in the valley, and pretended to do all he could towards Ali's capture. It was said that Piang had tired of furnishing money to his illustrious kinsman, and that this had brought about such strained relations that Piang did not feel safe while Ali lived. At any rate, Piang was always ready to give information and hire his men to the Quartermaster for good round sums per month. This information never led to the coveted prize and the enemy always knew just when we were coming, but it was difficult to lay finger on a concrete fact with which to prove Piang's alleged treachery. Meanwhile we hiked in and out, made maps, reported, and purchased Piang's fresh vegetables and carabao meat. He had a fortified home, across the river from the Kudarangan block house, inside the boundaries of which about one thousand men, women and children dwelt under his authority and protection.

Catching Ali became a profession, a problem, a fond hope, and a joke. Colonel Van Orsdale always knew (as he would say) just where Ali was. There were two factions of us, those who "knew" and couldn't get him, and those who were "from Missouri" and did not care about sleeping with the centipedes and mosquitos until we had some evidence as to his whereabouts.

A few days after our return to Parang two companies and a detachment of scouts were attacked in the night not far from Kudarangan. The same column had a serious clash the next day, going up against the usual thing—concealed breast works and loaded lantakas trained down the foot path so as to throw screaming iron slugs, lead, and nails into the head of the column, wounding and killing men all down the line. The Americans then dropped back a few yards, formed line and charged the breast works which they found deserted.

After a prolonged hike up the Dansilan river and a short stay at Reina Reigente, my company was sent in from its second tour, while I was detached and assigned to a special force of about thirty American soldiers and seventy-five Filipino scouts mobilized at Kuderangan for independent work under the direct orders of the Department Commander. The outfit was commanded by a First Lieutenant a few numbers my senior who had come from another part of the Islands for a little "active service." Permit me to remark that he got that for which he came. The officers in this command consisted of Lieutenant Wilets, of the Scouts, Dr. John W. Hanner, of Tennessee, myself, and the Commander, whom I will call Snooks for purposes of designation.

Snooks was one of those rare individuals who would stand in his tracks and die rather than run—not having the moral courage to follow his inclinations;—but he couldn't THINK in a fight. I saw him only when in command, but will do him the justice of saying that he had made a fine fighting record as a subordinate. In the night he caused a young Moro boy to be dragged from his pleading mother's arms and foully, wickedly, cruelly murdered; in the day, when the bullets were singing about our ears, he turned over his command to me because of a slight flesh wound on his arm. He murdered a guide against whom there was no more than a bare suspicion of treachery; but when the lantakas were filling the air with shrieks and the wounded were screaming for help, he could not tell me what to do with my seventy scouts who were standing idle.

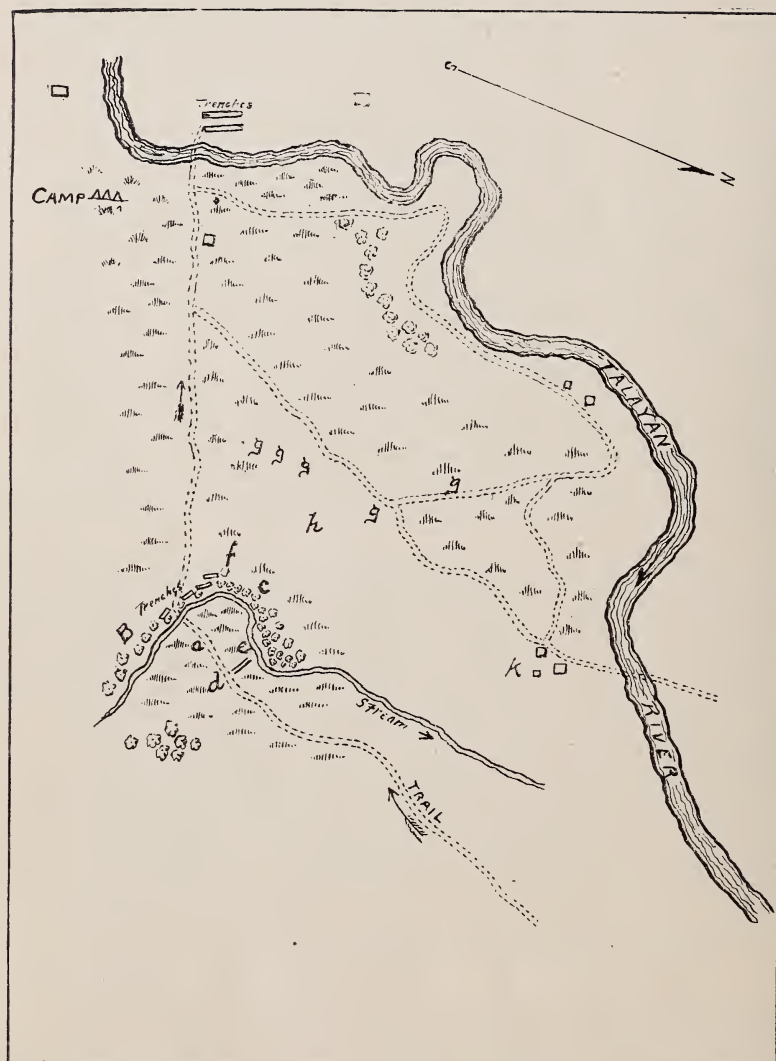
So much hiking in the mud and water had given me a touch of sciatica and I had developed a peach of an abscess under a troublesome tooth. I went down to Cattabato for a day's treatment returning to find the column had departed for a hike in the Talayan country. With two of Piang's Moros I covered their first days march in four hours, overtaking them at dark. Our party was of the size to attract business in our line and, as it was the first serious fighting I was ever in, I will describe it from my own personal viewpoint.

Snooks was a vigorous hiker and he put us on the jump and kept us going. We saw at the start that he meant to kill and burn, his orders to the advance guard being to shoot every thing that moved. The way led through damp woods and long marshes and over the worst country on the face of the earth. We crept through one swamp for three hours, for the greater distance holding our blanket rolls and halversacks on our shoulders to keep them dry. It was thick mud which stank.

Finally we camped in a secluded spot at the foot of a big hill. It was whispered that we would have a fight in the morning, but that affected not the peacefulness of our slumbers.

When the sun peeped over the trees on the following day we reached the top of a long hill and beheld a most beautiful sight—the palm covered valley of the meandering Talayan river. I shall never forget the scene nor my sensations as I looked upon it and realized that it was not at all improbable that my earthly existence would terminate that day somewhere down there among the swamps and cocoanut trees. As we looked the deep throb of the native war drums came to us faintly from some undeterminable direction in the valley. Further than a quick heart-throb which made my veins tingle, experienced no sdiconcerting sensations. I dreaded it a bit as one dreads jumping into ice





Sketch of The Talayan Skirmish



water, but I was fascinated and held by the scent of danger as the wild deer is held by the hunter's light. I would not have been elsewhere if I could have done so honorably. I wanted a little touch of the real thing. I got it.

Winding down the hill and entering the cocoanut grove we followed the path up the river, halting here and there to burn the deserted houses. Large quantities of stored rice were destroyed. We surprised a Moro and took him prisoner, promising him freedom if he would lead us to where we could get in touch with the forces of Dattos Ampatuan and Kole, two of Ali's men whom we had heard were in this locality. This he agreed to do from necessity.

The watchful leader can almost always tell when the enemy is near, no matter how wiley may be the antagonists. We butted right on and thought afterwards of the many little things overlooked. A Moro was seen rapidly descending from a tree two hundred yards off the path. We fired a few shots and let him go. A short distance further we found a flock of goats which we immediately proceeded to kill and assign to the cargadores, fresh meat being exceedingly desirable.

All this gave the enemy time to put the finishing touches on their preparations. At this time the advance guard, under Lieutenant Willets, marched about ten yards ahead of the column, which was following the path in single file. When the point came within fifteen yards of the heavy undergrowth near the stream (a on the map) and the head of the main column was in plain view close behind, two small cannon and fifty rifles blazed away at us, dropping four of our brave fellows and giving many others slight wounds. Willets dropped his squad to the ground and poured a steady fire into the trenches, but our entire command was receiving the fire of the enemy from all along the hedge from B to C (see map). Snooks, instead of putting us in the fight and extending our line where we could shoot, without hitting each other, sat down where he was and commenced giving volley orders to the squad immediately in front of him.

This was the supreme moment of my life. The way to lick 'em flashed over me in a second, but I was not "boss" and consequently did nothing but yell to Snooks for orders. Though I ran up within a few feet of him, he appeared not to hear; but when I said, "May I form a firing line and keep them out of that ditch," he heard very clearly and nodded his consent. My idea was to keep them from using this extended natural breast works in getting entirely around us. Once across the ditch with Willets holding them in front, I was going to cut off their avenue of escape. Though I mistook the enemy's position slightly, we would have captured or killed a great many more of them had a similar movement been promptly made towards the other flank, Willets meantime drawing back to keep the enemy in the breastworks.

I pulled my scouts out quickly on the line (d to e on the map) and rushed forward between valleys. We went up the ditch in a hurry, stopping when the firing suddenly ceased. The enemy saw our flank movement and ran. My first yell, "Come on Scouts," was taken up by the little brown soldiers, louder and louder with each rush, until it became a yell.

But we did not succeed further than to keep the enemy off. I am satisfied we killed very few, but our movement caused them to withdraw up the path. After we had constructed litters for the wounded we started on, to be fired into again before we had proceeded 100 yards. This time I pulled my men out of

the path, put one up a tree (at f) and located a band of riflemen to our right (at g). For the first time we were on equal footing with them and, after getting permission to detach my command, we lit out (toward h) pouring squad volleys into them whenever the heads appeared above the grass. We ran them into the river, shot up the village (at k) and rejoined the column.

We could not proceed further with the wounded, so we made up several firing parties and gave what chase we could until dark. During the night Ampatuan and his remaining braves had business elsewhere. The next morning, with ten men, I stayed under cover near the camp to give the enemy a little dose of their own medicine. We had marched through strange woods and been shot at from ambush until a breaking twig made us start up and grab our weapons. We were just a bit tired of it and desired to show them how disagreeable it was. We stayed in hiding but thirty minutes when four braves bearing three rifles came creeping into the camp. They were going to follow along and pot us from the rear as we crossed the river. But they crossed the river first—over into the happy hunting grounds where every day is Sunday and the carabao grunteth not.

While we did not capture Ali on this expedition, we learned considerable about fighting Moros in the brush, and our getting the best of it had a good moral effect. Lieutenant Willets showed himself to be a brave and efficient officer and I hope I did not disgrace myself. At any rate, Mr. Snooks reported HIS great success and was gracious enough to add a line at the bottom, among the minor details, stating that Lieutenants Willets, and Dudley did good work during the trip. As I was the senior of Willets, my name should have been mentioned first, but I had the misfortune to be forced to intimate that the killing of the guide, which happened before we returned, was cold blooded murder; consequently it was a great surprise to me that I was mentioned at all.



## XXIII

### More Of The Same Medicine

**K**IND friends, I do not propose to run the risk of boring you with unnecessary details. We had other fights, more thrilling and serious than the one just described, but I have dwelt sufficiently upon this class of experiences to give you an idea of what Uncle Sam's boys are up against, no more of the unpleasant being introduced than necessary to make a true picture. Dalto Ali succeeded in evading us until we learned to go into the woods and use the Moro's own methods against him. This was some time after my day in the Army.

I was in the Rio Grande Valley off and on for about a year. While the duty was the most disagreeable of my service, there was enough of the pleasant and valuable to make me glad I was there. The friendships made under such trying circumstances are real and lasting, and one's estimates so formed are true. There were many fine fellows in these campaigns with whom I was not intimately associated; but a few names stand out in my memory from which they never will be erased. Among these are Rob Van Horn, the "Prince of Hikers," Fred Goedecke, Jimmy Bell, Sherman White, Ben Foulois, Clifton Butler, Harry McKenny, Freddy Young, C. R. Lewis, Dr. John W. Hanner, George M. Russell ("Rusty"), Harry S. Adams, ("Hank"), Ed. Stayer ("Fatty"), Monroe C. Kerth, and, always included, my good friends Dick Croxton and Sam Seay, not to mention "Padre" Sutherland, the hiking Chaplain of the 23rd. These are not necessarily the most important actors in that historical farce-comedy. They're simply the fellows I like and with whom I went almost to the limit of human endurance. Every one of these have been advanced in rank since that time, and some of them will one day be known to all as generals and leaders in Uncle Sam's Army.

These were brother officers, but I have not forgotten Private Pickett, of Tennessee, Big Corporal Harper, Artificer Swift, nor Private Moore, "the man from Maine." Yopp, Buerkle, Watson, Foudeville, Schlobaum and Heckerman, the faithful old sergeants of the "Dutch Koompanee" are still my good friends. One never forgets men like these.

The soldiers in the Rio Grande Valley had rough service, but I have never seen the time when they could not jest at their discomfort. The little tents were not long enough for a tall man to sleep under without sticking his feet out in the rain. The mosquitoes were so thick that mosquito bars had to be used even in the little tents. Each soldier carried a tent half, a blanket, a rubber poncho, fifty rounds of ammunition, a heavy rifle and a haversack containing tin cup, knife, fork, spoon, meat can (which opened so as to form two tin plates,) and a few extras. Under the tropical sun this was an exceedingly heavy load. We were fortunate when we had good, dry ground on which to pitch our tents. The guard duty was necessarily heavy; and, on those occasions

when we were being continually shot at from the bushes, the marching was exceedingly trying. The constant tension under which one is kept by such harrassing brings complete exhaustion when the halt is made. Beyond a doubt, such service is more wearing than a campaign in a civilized country where one knows when he is going into battle and where the excitement is not continual.

The uniform worn was exceedingly well chosen and convenient, being flannel shirts, khaiki trousers, canvas leggings, medium weight shoes, and a broad brimmed hat. Wading boots and extra heavy shoes for such service are useless, as the former can not be made so as to keep water from running in at the top, and the latter do not compensate for the extra weight. I always wore a light pair of fine kangaroo shoes, a pair lasting through a two week's hike. It was rough on the shoes but fine on the feet. A soldier in the field with shoes coming to pieces is in a bad fix, and a cheap article should never be issued to soldiers.

Many and varied were the obstacles which confronted us in the field, far away from communications, hospitals or supplies. Americans can not leave their wounded, and in such a country they must be carried by their fellows. Consequently one fight ended the hike, regardless of the outcome. A medical officer and a couple of hospital men went with every column, but sufficient supplies could not be carried to enable them to perform major operations with safety.

It is hard to realize that men whose lips are caused to bleed from the heat in the daytime often suffer from being chilled on the following night; but this was often the case. Continued tropical service makes the blood thin, and wading for hours in the water and laying down wet at night often made fire a necessity.

I had a horror of centipedes and other reptiles getting on me during the night, but I soon evolved an arrangement which served as a complete protection. Laying the rubber poncho next the ground and giving my blanket one fold lengthwise, I strung my mosquito bar directly over it, tucking the folds carefully between the blanket and the rubber. A short candle, a box of matches and my pistol were taken inside with me, and if it was a reasonably dry night I was as snug as you please.

We usually slept with our clothes on, ready to bounce up at any moment, but our arms were ordinarily bare. If, during the night, an arm was carelessly thrown against the mosquito bar it would receive hundreds of punctures in a few minutes. A sore, burning arm was the result. The natives would wrap their heads in cloths and sleep near a fire; but even they could not sleep for the mosquitos when we camped in damp woods.

The boats which steamed up and down the river were frequently attacked from the shore. Gattling guns were mounted on the forward decks, and the practice soon fell into disuse.

General Wood adopted the plan of making up provisional companies of picked men from the regular organizations under officers of his own selection. These scoured the valley pretty much as we had been doing and with no greater success. Either this plan was a mistake or the idea of permanent organizations is a mistake. A captain can do more with his own officers and men whom he has trained. The company is an organization whose members may better



work in unison. The men know each other and they will fight better when placed shoulder to shoulder.

Our little fights were not important enough to inspire big headlines in the home papers, but they were sufficiently amusing to us at the time; and many were the daring deeds done in the valley which may never be recorded in the Halls of Fame.

My best fight happened on the 23rd day of September, 1901, at Nauesan where a little slope in our direction and the fact that I had been over the ground before saved our column of over one hundred men from being entirely wiped out. In this fight Dr. John W. Hanner sat within thirty yards of the enemy's trenches and gave what aid he could to a man whose leg had been so badly shot that it bent back under his body as he fell. I saw the brave deed and was where I could see the bullets knocking up the dirt around him. In my opinion he should have had a medal of honor. Private Frank C. Pease and Patrick Fay, of the Hospital Corps, were given certificates of merit for heroism displayed in this fight.

General Sherman knew what he was talking about when he made his famous remark, "War is Hell." Men get to be little better than savages when they see the blood of their comrades. One gets desperate and takes pleasure in wreaking vengeance. I realized on these occasions that our civilization was little more than skin deep.

The Moros seldom attacked us except from ambush. The usual way was to determine our line of march, select and fortify a covered place where we would be caught fording a river or emerging from a marsh with column in single file and surroundings not permitting the formation of a firing line. Then they would let us have the lantakas and a volley or two of musketry in our faces as we came within close range.

On returning from a long hike up the Damaluan river, we took a party of Moros by surprise. They had their trenches overlooking the river, but we were so inconsiderate that we came in the back way. It was our turn at the bat; and the trenches, with the nice, loose earth laying to one side, made admirable graves, which we managed to fill reasonably full after the smoke cleared away. It certainly was a good joke on them—ha, ha!

At the place last above mentioned I made another ambush the next morning with reasonably good results. While standing behind my squad a Moro came around with a big knife, nor could he be stopped until he was pierced with two rifle balls and two bullets from my pistol. This was a fair example of the mettle of the men we were fighting. One bullet don't stop them unless it strikes a vital spot and kills them instantly. Our calibre thirty eight pistols were considered ineffective in this campaign, the majority of our officers carrying the old fashioned forty-four revolvers. In the Lake Lanao troubles Major Bullard had a narrow escape from being killed by a Moro who had four pistol balls shot into him before he approached the Major; the fifth was a forty five and it saved Bullard's life. Lieutenant Grinstead, of the 23rd Infantry, had a similar experience at Camp Vicars.

The Moros who dwell in the mountains around Lake Lanao are considered fiercer than the others. They are undoubtedly wilder and harder to stop. The Rio Grande Valley Moro is, however, not to be despised; while the Moros of

Jolo and the smaller islands are little different.

There is some similarity between the different dialects, but the language spoken by the Jolo Moros is as different from that of Mindanao as French is from Spanish. There are a few Christian Moros, the result of the efforts of the Spanish priests. These are known as Tururuys, and do not fraternize with their Mahommedan kinsmen.

The contrast between our life in the valley and the brass button parade, on which the average citizen supposed us to be, was sharply and vividly drawn by a private of my company, behind whom and his companion I was silently marching. We were stumbling through a swamp, dirty, tired, hungry, and miserable, when Private Moore said to Private Myers:

"Say, Bill, do yez remember de pictur' o' de smooth guy wid de white gloves on in front of de recrootin' office?"

No answer.

"Say, Bill, didn't dat pictur make ye bite, yuh cream faced sucker?"

No answer.

"Bill, does yez remember?"

Bill turned and looked his companion squarely in the eyes and remarked, meaningly, and feelingly:

"You-go-to-Hell!"

There are moments, you know, when one wants to be alone.



## XXIV

### "Back To The Mines"

THE sweet words were whispered around again—oh, joy! The Twenty Third's going home! I was glad when I heard these words before; but, though it was no new sensation, I rejoiced now because of my dear wife, who had refused to leave me in the Philippines, but whose health now demanded that she have a change.

The big ship came, the U. S. A. T. "Thomas," and away we steamed one starlight night with more than a thousand happy souls aboard. We sang the good old songs again and gave the yell and smiled and laughed and slapped each other on the back. My! but the ice water, the fresh beef, and the electric fans were good! Big, broad, white decks, clean clothes, good feeds, and all the Regiment together! It was surely worth the trouble.

We stopped one day at Zamboanga and two days at Manila, where part of the Twelfth Cavalry was taken aboard. We had an uncomfortable day at Mariveles Island where all our belongings were taken out and the entire ship fumigated. Then we were off for Nagasaki, Japan, arriving in four or five days. The Russo-Japanese war was then raging, and our entrance into the torpedo planted harbor at Nagasaki was curious and interesting. A government boat met and guided us in a zigzag course into the most beautiful harbor I have ever seen. Tall eminences rise on all sides. The city starts at the water's edge and seems to crawl over the hills and far up on the mountain sides.

Here again we rode in ginrickshaws. We bought trinkets, fancy wares, and gew gaws, visited the heathen temples, ate strawberries and drank real tea. Furthermore we handled and admired such of the satsuma and other beautiful specimens of Japanese art as we could not afford to buy. May was the month and the peach trees were just blooming. The air was cool and bracing, making our blue uniforms comfortable. We took long trips in the little carriages, passing by the miniature garden-farms, the peculiar houses, and observed the industrious little people plying their daily avocations.

After spending a few delightful days at Nagasaki, we pulled out one beautiful afternoon—bound for Home. As we faced astern and stood at attention while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the flag was being hauled down, Nagasaki faded from our vision. We took the Northern route this time, sailing within a day's run of the Aleutian Islands. This gave us the longest period of daylight I had ever experienced, the sun disappearing from view about nine o'clock and the sky continuing bright for hours thereafter. In fact there was sufficient light all night to enable one to read a newspaper on deck.

As we were traveling from West to East we had to pick up a day when we crossed the 180th meridian. The day was Sunday, so we had two of them in succession. That is, I am now convinced that we had two Sundays. At the

time we had much argument, pro and con. On the first day we held a mass meeting in the smoking room to decide whether or not that day or the next one was to be observed by abstaining from our bridge games. After due deliberation we decided that we would play today and abstain tomorrow. The next morning, however, our consciences smote us. After studying the matter over we feared we had made a grievous error. Yesterday must have been the real Sunday and today a mere longitudinal and chronometric freak—a makeshift for purposes of calendrical uniformity. So we held another meeting, reconsidered the action of the previous meeting, and declared it null and void and without full force and effect, sine die, ad libitum, e pluribus tyrannis. We then passed resolutions deploring our unwitting desecration of the Sabbath on the previous day, and declaring the present day a proper one in which to indulge in innocent amusements, such a bridge.

On the homeward voyage our stateroom arrangements were worse than ever, almost every officer below the grade of Captain having to be quartered in the soldier bunks on the troop deck. This bothered me very little except for the fear that I would be stowed in the hold with the junk if I continued to acquire rank. As a Second Lieutenant I had a whole stateroom to myself, as a high ranking First Lieutenant I was treated little better than a blooded hog; so I dreaded becoming a Captain and being thrown overboard.

Some idiot who, it is alleged, had successfully prophesied the sinking of the "Morgan City" the year before, gave us a write up two months prior to our departure from the Islands. According to the prophecy, which a few of us had seen in the papers, the transport "Thomas" would sink on her May voyage homeward as she approached the Farallone Islands. This was the voyage in question; and, although we had perfect weather up to this time, the sea became very restless at nightfall as we approached the Farallones. Next morning as we walked the sunlit decks and the ship sailed over placid waters this fool prophecy was the principal topic of conversation. We had been very careful to keep the story from the ladies and they had been equally secretive as to us. Of course we laughed about it, but when the big waves were rolling us on the previous evening I could not help thinking what a mess we would be in if the fool SHOULD happen to have guessed right. The women suffered considerable uneasiness, as circumstances seemed to commence confirming the story. The good old custom of hanging false prophets should, in this enlightened day, be incorporated into the judicial recall as amended by the Referetus an Initiendum. They tar and feather 'em out in Kansas, and nobody is from Missouri.

A little touch of theatre going and nice things to eat at San Francisco didn't hurt our feelings at all. Then came the comfortable train trip to Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., whence the Twenty Third had been ordered. I had procured a three month's leave to take effect on arrival at station in the United States. Mrs. Dudley left us at San Francisco, going direct to Alabama; and I blew into Sackett's Harbor at 5 a. m., and blew out again, bound for Dixie, about two hours thereafter. On my return I was to have the long coveted assignment as Battalion Adjutant, and things looked good.

Many are the officers who would leave the service for something sure; but it is always a risk, and the fascination which the life has keeps them regardless of the monotony and hardships. One usually regrets giving it up.



But I did not, since it was a matter of duty to my wife and my aged father. I had no choice. It was "up to me." So I kissed Uncle Sam good bye.

The lessons one learns in the Army are valuable to the citizen. It would be well for every young man to take at least a two years turn with the colors. We Americans have too much bombastic sentiment and too little discipline. We take excuses from our public officers and we leave loopholes in laws through which they may escape. We allow our sentimental side to be played upon until the murderer is acquitted and justice outraged. Then we become infuriated with impatience at the results of our own folly and further degrade ourselves by lynching people who may be innocent. What we need is a little turn in Uncle Sam's Army where justice is sure and speedy and where folks don't mouth too much about "rights." Officers there are not thinking about votes, and if a man gets in the habit of shirking or failing to make good he finds it out almost immediately. We do not need the stern discipline of the Army in civil life, for the general lack of training would turn it into opportunities for tyrants; but an idea of it for our young men would make better citizens of them. With real discipline, our National Guard would be of as great a benefit, to a limited number, as our public schools.

However, enough of a good thing is enough and we seem to have reached the end of this pow-wow. I've been writing all night and your Aunt Dudley is calling from the head of the stairs imploring me to "ring off." Some night when I'm feeling extra good I'll write you another book. "Adios."

THE END.

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